

INQUIRY

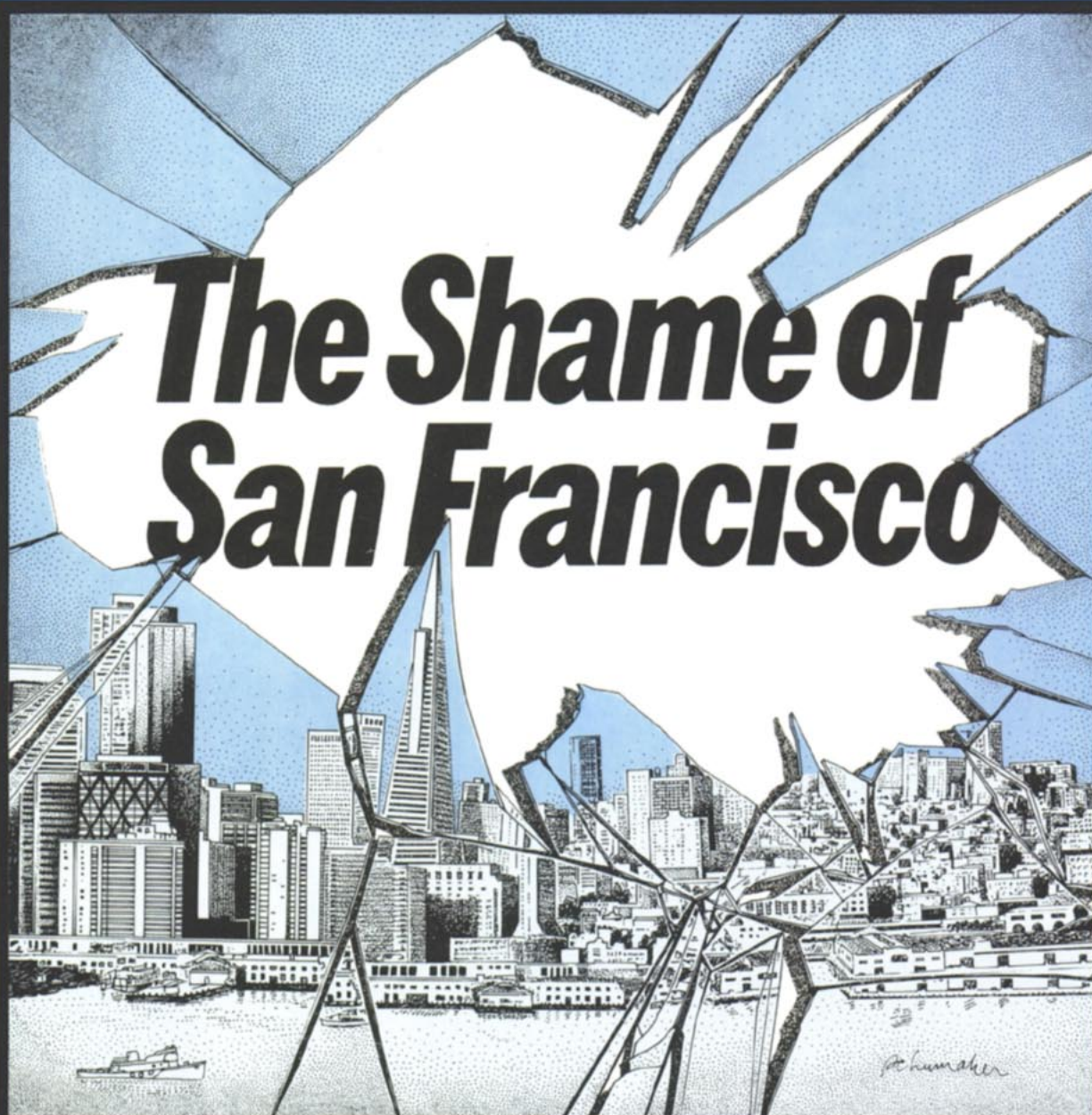
MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 29, 1979 • \$1.25

THE
UNTOLD
STORY

Dan White's Final Solution **By WARREN HINCKLE**

The Shame of San Francisco



Check your chances of getting cancer.



LUNG CANCER

- ☐ Heavy smoker over age 50.
- ☐ Started smoking age 15 or before.
- ☐ Have a persistent cough.

BREAST CANCER

- ☐ Over 40 and have close relatives who had breast cancer.
- ☐ Had a breast operation.
- ☐ Have a lump or nipple discharge.

CERVICAL CANCER

- ☐ Began having sex at an early age and with many partners.
- ☐ Have unusual bleeding or discharge between periods.

CANCER OF THE COLON & RECTUM

- ☐ Have a history of polyps.
- ☐ Have blood in your stool.
- ☐ Have ulcerative colitis.

ENDOMETRIAL CANCER

- ☐ Have abnormal bleeding during or after menopause.
- ☐ Have diabetes and high blood pressure and are overweight.
- ☐ Began menopause late (after 55).

Cancer. It can attack anyone. But some people live with a higher risk of developing cancer than others. However, the earlier the diagnosis, the better the chances of cure. Look over the list above. If you check any of the boxes, see your doctor. Discuss with him your risks of getting cancer.

Knowing about cancer is a first step toward curing it.



American Cancer Society

INQUIRY[®]

OCTOBER 29, 1979

Dan White's San Francisco

WARREN HINCKLE

p. 8

When Dan White strapped on his police .38 and drove to City Hall to settle some political differences, he introduced a new word into the vocabulary of violence: homophobia. Here for the first time is the complete story of the political forces behind San Francisco's City Hall killings and of the prosecution that let Dan White get away with murder.

COVER ILLUSTRATION BY WARD SCHUMAKER



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Score one for a free press; Teddy takes the plunge; Dead letter; Russia's Vietnam?

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The charge of the white horse brigade. Americans seem to want a President who'll be a real take-charge guy. What better choice than Alexander Haig, the man who directed the Watergate cover-up?

(PHIL STANFORD)

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William H. Pritchard on *The Letters of D. H. Lawrence, Volume I: 1901-1913*, edited by James T. Boulton; Arthur A. Ekirch, Jr. on *The Politics of War*, by Walter Karp; Pope McCorkle on *See No Evil: The Backstage Battle over Sex and Violence in Television*, by Geoffrey Cowan; John P. McCarthy on *The Streets Were Paved with Gold*, by Ken Auletta.



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Stephen Harvey reviews *Orchestra Rehearsal*, directed by Federico Fellini, and *Woyzeck*, directed by Werner Herzog.

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A WORD FROM THE PUBLISHER

ONE OF THE BIGGEST worries of publishing a national political magazine from San Francisco is the nagging doubt, when we run stories about California, that we are falling victim to West Coast provincialism. Parochialism is something all magazines need to guard against, but I suspect that few publishers in New York or Washington lose much sleep wondering whether the "news" they print of the goings-on in the corridors of power really matters much to the rest of the country. If New York and Washington say it's news, it's news. Here judgments are not so automatic. But when Warren Hinckle's story about the Dan White murders arrived in the office, we didn't have a moment's qualms. Here at last is the full story of Dan White's San Francisco, told as only Hinckle, a fourth-generation San Franciscan, could tell it.

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Is that Amin, as in Idi?

■ [Afghanistan Prime Minister Hafizullah] Amin was asked how he would respond to charges that the Government was violating human rights, using electric torture and imprisoning as many as 30,000 people without charges or trial.

"There are two ways of looking at human rights," said Mr. Amin, who like the other leaders was never imprisoned under previous regimes. "From the perspective of the exploiter, I will admit our record on human rights is very bad. From the viewpoint of the exploited, it is the best in the world."

—*New York Times*, Sept. 9, 1979

That was no goof

■ Gladys Gaffney of Salt Lake City, who supports President Carter, got angry last week at the idea that Sen. Edward M. Kennedy (D-Mass.) might challenge the president. She fired off a telegram to Kennedy that began: "You are a cheap politician and opportunist..."

Somebody goofed and the telegram was sent to all 100 members of the Senate.

—*Washington Post*, Sept. 12, 1979

And speaking of opportunists...

■ Apparently feeling that most voters have a negative attitude toward political candidates, one of the nine candidates in Louisiana's open gubernatorial primary has had his name legally changed to None of the Above and is trying to get himself listed that way on the ballot.

—*New York Times*, Sept. 15, 1979

It seems to be an epidemic

■ The former President of Afghanistan, who was replaced on Sunday, reportedly died today of gunshot wounds received last week during a gun battle at his official residence. . . .

The Afghan radio has not mentioned [former President Noor Mohammad] Taraki since Sunday, when it said that he had resigned both the Presidency and the leadership of the governing Khalq Party for reasons of health. . . .

—*New York Times*, Sept. 19, 1979

Sticks and stones

■ Union members were urged Tuesday to close ranks to defend government from assaults by "the cranks, the nuts and the reactionaries."

W. Howard McClennan, president of the 2 million-member AFL-CIO's Public Employee Department, said at the department's annual convention that workers must help make government better to undercut antigovernment campaigns by "ultraright-wing outfits," tax-cut advocates and other union enemies.

—*Los Angeles Times*, Sept. 12, 1979

Ingrates

■ Amid the boom of gun salutes and the roar of jet warplanes, the country's first black-led government today gave Zimbabwe-Rhodesia a new flag as part of its continuing struggle for support at home and abroad. . . .

The flag-raising ceremony was staged in Salisbury at a soccer stadium near a shantytown housing more than 4,000 who have fled the war escalating in rural areas. Reactions to the new flag among refugees ranged from indifference to sarcasm.

—*Washington Post*, Sept. 3, 1979



Well, he is on the job market

■ UN Ambassador Andrew Young has helped a U.S. company win a \$500 million contract to build a chemical fertilizer plant in Nigeria. . . . The plant will be built by the Pullman Kellogg Co. which had been negotiating for the contract for two years and faced stiff competition from an Italian company.

Newbold Black, vice president of Pullman Kellogg, said the contract could not have been won without Young's help. "We've got the best salesman in the world working for us," he said of Young.

—*Washington Post*, Sept. 14, 1979

Not a minute sooner

■ The House approved today and sent to the Senate legislation that would require Federal monetary-policy officials to resume taking minutes at their secret meetings and to make them public four years after each meeting.

—*New York Times*, Sept. 18, 1979

They merely terminate themselves with extreme prejudice

■ In a ruling that could affect numerous insurance policies, a [California] state appeals court has ruled that an insane person cannot be said to have committed suicide. . . .

In the opinion . . . Justice Gerald Brown wrote: "If a person is insane, he cannot form the intent to take his own life. Insane persons cannot commit suicide."

—*New York Times*, Sept. 4, 1979

It gets worse around election time

■ The power plant that heats and cools the Capitol violates federal and local air pollution laws, according to a suit filed in U.S. District Court Friday.

The Capitol Legal Foundation, a nonprofit public interest group, asked the court to order a shutdown of the plant and require installation of pollution abatement equipment.

—*Los Angeles Times*, Sept. 8, 1979

Whistling past the graveyard

■ In its first official report on tax scofflaws, the Internal Revenue Service estimated Friday that Americans failed to pay at least \$19 billion and perhaps as much as \$26 billion in individual income taxes they owed for 1976. . . .

"I would say the numbers are not shocking," [an] IRS official said. "The 10% (of taxes) we are missing is a substantial amount of dollars but it doesn't indicate that the system is falling apart."

—*Washington Post*, Sept. 1, 1979

Pro bono publico

■ Italian author Luigi Barzini, a former Liberal Party member of Parliament, proposed yesterday having a commission of beauty experts issue permits to nudists to keep ugly men and women from baring their unsightly bodies. . . .

"The permit should be issued by a commission of experts, including a painter, a sculptor, a motion picture director, a philanderer and other people knowledgeable about human beauty."

—*San Francisco Chronicle*, Aug. 16, 1979

Teddy takes the plunge

The candidate of nostalgia

WILL HE OR WON'T HE? OF COURSE he will. And if the public opinion polls and the adoring articles in some of this country's most influential newspapers are to be taken seriously, not only will Ted Kennedy run for President, but there's every chance that he will be elected.

On the face of it, Kennedy's emergence as the heir apparent is at least a bit incongruous. At a time when a large portion of the voting public is forsaking the tenets of corporate liberalism, Kennedy is, first and always, a believer in the philosophy and practice of big government. As he told the Democratic party's miniconvention last winter, "Sometimes a party must sail against the wind. We cannot afford to drift or lie at anchor. We cannot heed the call of those who say it is time to furl the sail." And as Alan Baron put it, in an excellent article in the *Los Angeles Times*, "Kennedy's record matches his rhetoric." His ADA rating is one of the highest in the Senate. To be sure, Kennedy has deviated from the liberal stereotype from time to time; he has, for example, supported the deregulation of the airline and trucking industries. But on the whole, Kennedy has hardly made a career of questioning liberal orthodoxy.

The clearest evidence of Kennedy's true blue liberalism are his economic prescriptions—notably a recent statement calling for a more forceful implementation of wage-price guidelines. Kennedy also opposes budgetary cuts in social programs. At the miniconvention, he criticized what he called "drastic slashes" in Carter's budget. He has also spoken out for a stiff windfall-profits tax on the oil companies. Of course, none of this is very surprising; Kennedy's economic advisers include John Galbraith and Walter Heller.

Kennedy's legislative proposals for national health insurance are well known. However, it is not the only instance in which Kennedy has shown an interest in extending the role of government in the health area. Kennedy, like the Carters—and like his brother John—is an enthusiastic advocate of increased government funding of "mental health care." His "Mental Health Systems Act" would not only provide more money for the "millions [of mentally ill] who remain unserved;" it would also finance programs "for the prevention of mental illness."

Under Kennedy's political philosophy, no aspect of life is beyond the reach of government. Kennedy has long favored national service, as an alternative to the draft. He has proposed legislation that would provide for the public financing of

Senate elections. The Criminal Code Reform Act sponsored by Kennedy actually diminishes the rights of citizens.

On matters of foreign and military policy Kennedy has taken the predictable positions, reflecting the liberals' general acceptance of conservative ends, though not always conservative means. He supports SALT II (which would give us "arms control" by increasing the number of nuclear weapons). He has criticized the administration's plan to build the MX missile (while supporting funds for research and development of the missile); he has supported the administration's 3 percent real increase in the military budget (while opposing the more recent proposal by congressional hawks to increase it by 5 percent). Kennedy praised the peace agreement Carter helped work out between Israel and Egypt.

Clearly, if Presidential elections were decided on the issues, there would be little to choose from between Kennedy and Jimmy Carter or any of a number of other liberal Democrats. However, the fact is that Presidents are usually chosen for less concrete reasons. Last time around, the issue was "trust." This season, it appears, the buzzword will be "leadership." Yet leadership does not exist in a vacuum, any more than trust does. In politics there can be no style without substance, however much the professional politicians would like to believe otherwise.

Now is the time to start asking exactly *where* Teddy would lead. □

Afghanistan in revolt

Russia's Vietnam?

EVER SINCE THE APRIL 1978 COUP BY military men who were supporters of the small People's Democratic party, Afghanistan has been in bloody turmoil as anti-Russian nationalists, fervent Muslims, and discontented ethnic minorities have sought to fight off the forced-draft "modernization" plans being imposed by the Moscow-backed regime in Kabul.

The 1978 coup that toppled President Mohammad Daud was not a Soviet plot. It was precipitated locally when the shah of Iran tried to upset Afghan neutrality by pouring in petrodollar foreign aid; the shah's goal was to cripple Soviet influence and draw Afghanistan into Iran's regional collective security scheme. In order to cooperate with Iran, Daud cracked down on the domestic left—the very people who had aided his own ascent to power—and this brought on the last-minute, surprise coup by desperate and beleaguered People's Democratic elements in the military.

The Soviet Union had long been supplying and training Afghanistan's army and air force and had given \$1 billion in foreign aid during the previous twenty years. Daud had been

cutting back on Soviet advisers as part of his developing alliance with the shah. After the coup, the People's Democratic regime reverted to the old levels of Soviet-Afghan co-operation.

Nonetheless, Afghanistan's new president, Noor Mohammad Taraki, was no Russian stooge. He had formed the now dominant Masses faction of the People's Democrats because he disapproved of initial Soviet backing for Daud's rule in 1973. The Afghan government under the Masses group acknowledged the country's Islamic character, rejected collective farming, explicitly refused to call itself Communist or Marxist-Leninist, and maintained normal relations with China. Despite their obvious left-wing, Nasserist character, Taraki, the Masses group, and the Kabul government were instantly dubbed Communist and Moscow-controlled by the American government and much of the Western press.

The plan of Taraki and his hatchet-man Hafizullah Amin was to impose on Afghanistan's fiercely independent mountain peoples the pattern of life that left-wing social democrats think is modern and up-to-date. Taraki identified himself with the best-known modernizer in Afghan history, King Amanullah, and Taraki's measures, like those of Amanullah, provoked a revolt.

The chosen vehicles for modernization were, naturally enough, price controls, compulsory education, denigration of religion (especially of religious leaders), intrusion into family life, and a crackdown on smuggling. Vital goods became subject to price controls and thus unattractive to produce. The regime went so far as to impose a low ceiling on dowries. Perhaps most destructive of all were controls on interest rates: Without the credit that had been available in the past, farmers found it difficult to buy seed, and famine soon threatened some regions.

The Kabul government also began a land reform program to break up feudal holdings. Despite government propaganda to the contrary, opposition to land reform has not been a rallying cry of the Muslim rebels. A source in Afghanistan quoted by the *Washington Post* on March 11 succinctly summed up the rebel attitude: "They're holding out against an alien, atheist program. It's not the social aspect they object to, the land reform, but the religious aspect."

With tens of thousands of devout Muslims up in arms, the rulers in Kabul turned on each other. First the Masses group purged the rival Banner group. Then the military leaders who had put the government in power were ousted. Finally, Amin turned on Taraki and supplanted him in a palace coup.

To consolidate the regime, tens of thousands of political prisoners have been jailed. More than three thousand have been systematically executed. Ayatollah Azem Shareatmadary, one of Iran's most prominent religious figures, charged the Kabul government with subjecting Muslims "to the worst medieval tortures for the crime of belief in Islam" and accused the regime of having killed 170 religious and secular leaders. Amin, though, glories in the regime's Stalinist mode of implementing its social program: "Change must be brought about quickly while the counterrevolutionaries and imperialists are too weak to prevent it."

The support the Kabul government gets from neighboring Russia tends to confirm in the minds of suspicious Afghans that the regime is antireligious and dominated by foreigners. There are an estimated three thousand Russian advisers in the country (including a thousand military advisers). These Russians are the target of popular wrath and scores have been killed and mutilated. "The foreigners never learn," one rebel leader told *Newsweek*. "They still keep trying to conquer us.

This time, it is the Russians, and they will soon learn the lesson we teach anyone who tries to own us."

The regime is now attacking its own people with increasing ferocity as it battles for survival. Indiscriminate napalm attacks, the use of helicopter gunships, the razing of villages, and massacres of civilians have all been widely reported.

Information about the political views of the rebels is fragmentary, but the organized groups definitely differ in their ethnic makeup and social values. Some express the dissatisfaction of the peoples of northern Afghanistan with the Pathan-dominated government in Kabul. Others, while stressing their Islamic and anti-Communist character, express the familiar social democratic contradiction by proposing in the same breath both liberal democracy and nationalization of industry and finance. In addition, there are zealous traditionalist Muslims who resent the emancipation of women under this and previous twentieth-century regimes. But these traditionalists are counterbalanced by a large and well-organized force that stresses its religious moderation; its leader says he would not force women to wear the veil nor would he try to return Islamic life to the practices of the seventh century.

Can these largely uncoordinated groups, armed with captured or antique weapons, prevail against a government advised and supplied with modern equipment (including jet bombers) by the Russians? It is possible, for as one guerrilla commander told the *New York Times*: "When the people decide to rid themselves of a rotten government, they can win." □

The postal monopoly

Dead letter

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT HAS recently announced that it plans to end the government's mail-carrying monopoly by opening up postal service in the London area to private competition. Both Margaret Thatcher and Sir Keith Joseph, her industry minister, appear serious about disengaging the state from large areas of British industry, and the decision on the postal monopoly is only a logical extension of this policy. Government monopoly over the transport of letters is an old and venerable tradition; in England it has remained essentially unchanged since 1657. And just as old a tradition is government's use of the postal monopoly for political ends: to spy on citizens, as a source of patronage, and as a device to furnish evidence to sometimes restive taxpayers that government was, after all, doing something worthwhile and didn't deserve blanket condemnation.

Given the history of postal monopolies, particularly their continually deteriorating service, all Britain should be applauding the Thatcher government's decision to allow private competition within the London area. There has never been any excuse for preventing private firms from competing with government mail delivery; all the rationales for state provision of this service, specious as they are, ignore the question of why consumers are deprived of the opportunity to choose which firm suits them best.

Whenever private delivery services are given the opportunity to compete with the government system, the result has been a dramatic decrease in patronage of the post office. This

has been especially true in the United States, whose Postal Service, although not the most inept in the world—Canada's is definitely worse, for example—is notorious for inefficient management and incompetent service. Despite a \$1 billion investment in new plant for sorting packages—twenty-one mechanized centers right out of the space age—the Postal Service has been losing customers in droves to United Parcel Service and other parcel-delivery firms.

It is only in the area of first-class mail delivery—an area untouched by competition, where the government's monopoly is strictly enforced—that the Postal Service has managed to take in vast revenues, about \$18 billion this year, from constant increases in prices to a captive market. In 1958 it cost 3 cents to mail a first-class letter; today, 15 cents, a 500 percent increase. Yet mail service is as shoddy, inconsistent, and unreliable as it has ever been.

The U.S. Postal Service is crowing that it expects to show a \$400 million surplus this year, the first revenue surplus the Post Office will have had since 1945. What it fails to mention is that this "surplus" was made possible by \$920 million in federal subsidies. And this year's success is unlikely to be repeated. The Postmaster General is also predicting a deficit of around half a billion dollars next year, above the \$920 million in general federal subsidies payments. This is hardly an impressive financial record for a government monopoly of a vital service.

There is simply no reason why the Postal Service should remain immune from competition. With the capacity to extort greater and greater sums from customers or, if necessary, from the public purse, it has no real incentive to move toward greater efficiency and more reliable service. The British government, seemingly aware of this, has opened its system up to limited competition. We would do well to follow its example before mail-delivery becomes a thing of the past, replaced by a system of electronic-message transmission—in which private firms are still permitted to compete. □

But the secrecy battle is not won

Score one for a free press

ONLY LEWIS CARROLL COULD DESCRIBE the way the government has bungled the handling of nuclear secrets for almost forty years and brought mankind dangerously close to extinction: "I'll be judge, I'll be jury," said cunning old Fury; "I'll try the whole cause, and condemn you to death."

No other statement so well characterizes the government's recent use of that powerful weapon most harmful to freedom of expression—prior restraint—in its attempt to prevent 230 million Americans from learning about the nuclear weapons that they pay for and that might someday become the ingredients of a future nuclear holocaust.

Since last March, when the *Progressive* magazine was restrained from publishing an article on nuclear weapons policy,

journalists and citizens have rallied to its defense. Columnists, editorial writers, and lawyers rebuked the government for using a law (the Atomic Energy Act of 1954) that seemed to be unconstitutionally broad and vague; some observed that the government had not met the strict standard for prior restraint set forth in the Pentagon Papers decision. Many commentators were distressed by the government's trial-court victory because it would permit the labeling of information, nuclear or other, as "classified at birth"—no matter whether you found it in your local library or you thought of it on your own, the information was still a state secret and, hence, restricted.

Supporters of *The Progressive* soon found inconsistencies in the government's policies, and more legal battles ensued as the government sought to stay in control of new developments. The American Civil Liberties Union found that the government had mistakenly declassified, in its own weapons library, a secret article on the hydrogen bomb that included the same information the government was preventing *The Progressive* from publishing.

Then the action shifted to the San Francisco Bay Area. The *Daily Californian*, a campus newspaper in Berkeley, published a letter from nuclear scientists to Congress, condemning the government for itself releasing classified information while at the same time prosecuting *The Progressive*. Several more campus newspapers then published that letter. More of the government's bizarre reasoning came to light when one of the scientists who wrote that letter was told that it had been classified; he was forbidden to read it to reporters, even though more than 70,000 copies of it were already circulating.

A California computer programmer, Charles Hansen, announced he would sponsor a contest for college students, using public information, to design a hydrogen bomb. Another Bay Area newspaper, the *Peninsula Times-Tribune*, was told that information it had received from Hansen—and published—was classified.

In early September DOE and FBI agents seized correspondence with Hansen from a Bay Area congressman's office and asked several newspapers to return letters and diagrams they had received from Hansen. The newspapers refused. When the government learned that the *Daily Californian* was planning to publish Hansen's letter, the Justice Department immediately sought a restraining order. Hansen's letter criticized the government's policies on classification, speculated on the U.S. procedures for making an H-bomb, and accused three U.S. nuclear scientists of violating their security clearances by releasing classified H-bomb data. Just as the *Daily Californian* was gearing up to defend its rights, a newspaper in *The Progressive's* hometown of Madison, Wisconsin, printed Hansen's letter. The next day the government dropped its cases against *The Progressive* and the *Daily Californian*.

The outcome is not the victory that some have claimed, since the trial court's decision stands and other judges may issue injunctions that echo its reasoning. (A Senate committee is scheduled to investigate the DOE's classification guidelines and actions, but not the theory of "born classified.") And the case is far from closed. The government, like an angry child deprived of a favorite toy, is still sulking. The Justice Department says it is considering indicting certain individuals for violating the Atomic Energy Act. Possible targets are said to be both journalists and the government's own scientists who are suspected of leaking classified information. The fight over nuclear secrecy may rage on, for embattled members of the press and concerned citizens have decided to risk severe punishment, including life imprisonment, to break down the secrecy ban on full discussion of nuclear weapons issues. □

PHIL STANFORD

The charge of the white horse brigade

AFTER NEARLY THREE years of smarm and ineptitude from their most recent choice for President, the American public, it seems, is pining for a Man on a White Horse. A real take-charge guy. One who has the answers. Who will lead them. Anywhere. Now that Carter has become a political dead issue, it is apparent that the Democratic candidate will be Teddy Kennedy, a White Horse candidate if ever there was one. He has the name, he has the organization, and he has his mommy's permission.

At this point, Teddy's Republican opponent is not so easy to predict. Reagan and Connally, both White Horse candidates, are considered the front-runners. However, there are good reasons why either might fail to get the nomination. Reagan's problem is the more intractable. He has lost his looks. As a matter of fact, his face has fallen apart so badly that he could star in mummy movies. In the age of television, the electorate will not approve a candidate who isn't pretty. It isn't stretching things too much to say that Reagan, unlike Kennedy, has received the mummy's curse.

Connally, on the other hand, looks like a crook—a handsome and vital crook to be sure—and there are those who believe that, in his case, appearances are not deceiving. Connally has attempted to handle this potentially damaging issue by reminding everyone, in a reference to his participation in the Nixon milk-fund scandal, that he is the only candidate who has been declared innocent. This is true enough, but somehow it fails to dispel the aroma of corruption that hangs in the air over Con-

nally's head, wherever he goes, like an overdose of hair spray. Connally's problem, to put it in practical political terms, is not that he is perhaps guilty of any number of political, civil, or criminal offenses, but that in a Presidential campaign his guilt or innocence would become an issue. In a race against Kennedy this is the last thing the Republicans need, because what they would surely want to do is to make Kennedy's character—i.e., Chappaquiddick—the issue. If the Republicans are smart—but who says they are—they won't nominate Big Bad John.

But who? Certainly not George Bush, whose personal wealth is apparently surpassed only by his ability to put people to sleep. Howard Baker, also mentioned, strikes many as a faceless twit (although this would hardly serve to disqualify him in any other election year). And, of course, Nelson Rockefeller is dead. Who, then, is the macho man who will lead the Republican party in the coming election? Never fear, the Grand Old Party has not failed to come up with a candidate for the top slot since 1856. Teddy will not win by default: Alexander Haig, Nixon's White House chief of staff, has tossed his hat into the ring.

Actually, he didn't really toss it himself. It was done for him on September 10 by a Washington-based group that calls itself the Draft Haig committee. However, Haig, who retired from the army as commander of NATO this summer, has not made a secret of his ambitions. In fact, the designation of the committee as one intended to draft, rather than simply elect, should be considered nothing but a formality—and a convenient one at that. By calling themselves the Draft Haig committee, Haig's organizers can take advantage of a recent Federal Election Commission ruling that permits them, as the representatives of an unannounced candidate, to accept up to \$5000 from a single contributor. (Under FEC rules, announced candidates can take only \$1000 per contributor.) It is also to be expected that when the Draft Haig committee decides the time is ripe, it will hold a press conference to announce the groundswell of grass roots support that it has detected—thereby adding to whatever momentum

actually exists—and become the Haig for President committee. Of course, this is the strategy the Kennedy forces are also pursuing.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE Haig committee is Charles A. McManus, Jr., who left a job at the Republican National Committee to take this post. Before that he was the chief executive officer of the Americans for Constitutional Action, which might be described as the conservative version of ADA. As McManus sees it, "the vast majority of Republicans throughout the country are still seeking a candidate for President who reflects their beliefs," and he feels, not surprisingly, that his man fills the bill. He may be right.

According to the committee's communications director, a local PR man by the name of Lewis Helm, Haig has a number of "plusses" that should appeal to Republicans especially, but also to the general public. First of all, Haig is "a personable guy—he sounds good, looks good." Second, "he is one of the few potential Republican candidates who's Catholic." As Helm sees it, this would be a great advantage in a race against Kennedy. Third, Haig is "for a strong defense." As anyone familiar with Haig's career can testify, this is surely an understatement. And finally, Haig has demonstrated leadership: "He has experience in government." This, according to Helm, is Haig's "biggest plus." "He held the government together in a time of crisis."

But how about the argument, which has been made by any number of commentators, that for all of Haig's political assets he still has no constituency? The notion that Presidential candidates need a constituency, says Helm, is "outdated." It is simply unnecessary for Haig to have been a governor or a longtime member of the Republican party. "People are voting more for the image these days."

Certainly, it seems to me, nothing has occurred on the national political scene during the past decade that would disprove Helm's analysis. People do vote for an image—simply because they have nothing else to vote for. In a mass democracy, where the voters cannot possibly know the candidates at first- or even second-hand, they have nothing on which to base their judgments except the public image of a candidate as it has been presented to them, partly by paid advertisements and partly by the national media. (Only occasionally, as Nixon discovered in the course of Water-

PHIL STANFORD is Washington correspondent for INQUIRY.

gate, does the press perform well enough to permit the facts to catch up with the image.) And as any political operative worth his pay—Lewis Helm seems to be one of them—can tell you, national politics is nothing more or less than the struggle to control and project a candidate's image.

So far, Haig—that is to say, Haig's image—is in good shape. He is perceived by the public to be a tough, capable operator who, as Helm points out, actually ran the government during the final stages of Watergate. To a large extent, the facts in this case correspond with the public image.

To begin with, no one who has studied Haig's record has any doubt that he is an extraordinarily skilled political infighter. When Haig was appointed to the staff of the National Security Council in January 1969, he was a colonel in the army, just one of the many bright unknowns assembled at that time by Henry Kissinger. Barely four years later, having already achieved the rank of four-star general, Haig was appointed by Nixon to replace H. R. Haldeman as his White House chief of staff. As various accounts of the Nixon years show, Haig's spectacular rise was due to hard work, ruthlessness, and his skill as a manipulator of men. Once Haig had gained Nixon's attention, he even managed to play Nixon and Kissinger off

against each other, raising doubts in Nixon's mind about Kissinger's judgment, referring in Kissinger's presence to the President as someone who lacked guts. As reported in *The Final Days*, "He joked that Nixon and Bebe Rebozo had a homosexual relationship, imitating what he called the President's limp-wrist manner."

Nor can anyone doubt Haig's toughness on national-security matters. As a member of the staff of the National Security Council, Haig made himself valuable to his superiors by supporting the harshest military measures, even when others raised questions. Haig argued for the strategic bombing of North Vietnam and the mining of Haiphong harbor in 1972. According to Charles Colson, Nixon once said that, of his top advisers, only Haig and Connally had favored the bombing. Haig was also an enthusiastic advocate of the 1970 invasion of Cambodia. And when the administration ordered the telephones of a number of government officials and newsmen bugged in order to find out who was leaking to the press, Haig was involved in that, too. The records show that he personally requested a tap on Presidential speech-writer William Safire. In 1970, Haig met with Kissinger and Thomas Karamessines, then chief of the CIA's undercover operations, to discuss plans to kidnap Chilean General

Rene Schneider and to support a coup by a military junta.

IT IS, IN FACT, ONLY WHEN we come to Haig's White House period that Lewis Helm's assessment of his candidate's plusses goes awry. If anything, Helm might be accused of giving Haig too little credit for his work there. During his tenure as Nixon's chief of staff, whatever he may have done to keep the government running, Haig was, first and foremost, the person in charge of managing what was left of the Watergate cover-up. It was Haig who told Deputy Attorney General William Ruckelshaus to fire Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox because, to quote his now famous statement, "Your Commander in Chief is giving you an order, Bill." Haig was guilty of misleading Congress about the evidence against Nixon. In one instance he showed Republican Senator Hugh Scott a doctored transcript of one of Nixon's conversations with John Dean, on the strength of which Scott issued a statement declaring that he had seen proof of Nixon's innocence. He was also responsible for stalling the special prosecutor. As Leon Jaworski, Cox's successor, later concluded, one of Haig's jobs in the White House was "to try to placate me while helping Nixon frustrate me." As Gerald Ford has testified, it was also Haig who first approached him about granting a pardon to Nixon, some nine days before Nixon resigned. Some say, although it has never been proved, that there was a deal. In any case, once Ford came into office, he pardoned the former President for what he called humanitarian reasons, and not long afterward he restored Haig to active duty and appointed him supreme allied commander of NATO.

And now Haig would like to be President himself. This is what he said in an interview on ABC television in July, as he was about to retire from his NATO post:

I think what America's looking for in the period ahead is a credible leadership apparatus, which is responsive to their concerns, sensitive to the evolution of these concerns, but which at the same time is not fundamentally populist, in which the public leader puts his finger up each Monday morning to see what the public mood is, and to shift his course to meet that, but rather to recognize that American leadership must from time to time be guided by the dictates of its conscience, to do what is right in a visionary way, even though it may be fundamentally unpopular at a given moment.

Let there be no mistake. Alexander Haig is riding toward Washington upon a white horse.



Dan White's San Francisco

BY

WARREN HINCKLE

"I am not going to be forced out of San Francisco by splinter groups of radicals and social deviates [sic]."

—Dan White

A few minutes after midnight, in the first hour of the Fourth of July of 1977, a blue Plymouth stopped to pick up a gay hitchhiker making hopeful signs with his thumb beside a freeway on-ramp in downtown San Francisco.

The car was crowded, but the night was cold and Charles Lewis hopped in. There were two men in the front seat; young. Lewis glanced into the back seat as the Plymouth joined the freeway traffic. Two girls and a boy; all young. Teen-agers out for a joy ride, Lewis thought. No one in the car had said a word.

When Lewis began to say where he'd like to be dropped off, one of the girls leaned over the seat and put a gun to his head:

"If you breathe, we're gonna kill you, faggot."

The car left the freeway at Candlestick Park. It stopped on a dark street. The boy in the back got out and opened Lewis's door. He made a slight bow, like a hotel doorman. Lewis hesitated. The boy beside him shoved him out. The other boy kicked him. One of the girls said, kick him where it hurts.

Two of the boys picked Lewis up and bent him over a garbage can. The handle poked into his chest. The girl with the gun shoved the barrel into his mouth.

"Anita is right," she said, and cocked the gun as one of the boys homosexually assaulted Lewis. Then another of the boys did the same thing. "Anita is right! Anita is right!" the kids kept yelling.

The rape lasted half an hour.

The teen-agers shoved Lewis back into the Plymouth. As the car slowed for a stoplight, Lewis opened the door and threw himself into the street in front of a Doggie Diner. He crawled between two parked cars, hoping his abductors would be afraid to shoot in the lighted intersection. The Plymouth sped away.

Lewis walked home. His hands and knees were bloody. He was sore in several places. The next morning he went to the emergency room of the University of California Medical Center. He told the doctor he'd been raped. The doctor looked at him.

"Well, you are homosexual, aren't you?"

IN NOVEMBER 27, 1978, THE NINTH DAY AFTER Jonestown, Daniel James White, ex-cop, former paratrooper, and superjock, an All-American Boy from everybody's favorite city, strapped on his police special .38, loaded his pockets with extra hollow-point bullets that explode upon impact, and went to San Francisco City Hall to settle some political differences.

Two weeks earlier, White, 32, of Irish build, with a pretty-boy face, had impetuously resigned his seat on the board of supervisors to devote himself to his hot-potato stand near Fisherman's Wharf. Now he was asking Mayor George Moscone, a liberal, to reappoint him. White was as conservative as a priest's suspenders.

White joined Mayor Moscone in his private sitting room. The mayor poured two drinks. When Moscone told him that he would not give him his seat back, White shot the mayor in the chest and the upper right arm. He then walked over to the wounded man and pumped two dum dum bullets into the right side of his head, execution-style. The drinks were never touched.

White crossed the marble expanse of City Hall to the other side of the building, where the supervisors have their offices. He reloaded his gun. Harvey Milk, the gay supervisor, had an office not much bigger than the closet he had come out of many years earlier.

Milk was 48, short, and bubbly with charm. He was not a single-issue politician and had forged political alliances with many heterosexuals. Of the eleven members Dan White had been the lone vote on the board of supervisors against Milk's gay civil rights ordinance, which the mayor had signed with a lavender pen handed him by Milk. White knocked on Milk's door and asked to see him for a minute.

The gay man and the straight man walked across the hall to White's old office. White shut the door. Milk was heard to cry out, "Oh, no!" White shot him three times in the chest and stomach and back. One shot passed through Milk's body and lodged in his left arm.

The executioner, not yet finished, fired two dum dum shells into the back of Milk's head.

White, a devout Catholic, left City Hall and went to St. Mary's Cathedral to pray before surrendering at Northern Station to cops who were his good friends and former comrades in blue. He left behind the lifeless bodies of San Francisco's two leading liberal politicians, and a city shocked as it had not been since the earthquake of '06.

WARREN HINCKLE, former editor of Ramparts magazine, writes a weekly column for the San Francisco Chronicle. His book on Cuba and the CIA will be published in February.

Only nine days before, the week of Thanksgiving, the Peoples Temple, the permissive city's largest leftish church, had self-destructed in mass suicide and murder in a South American rain forest. The "night of dark intent" that Robert Frost saw coming to the Pacific seemed to be falling in San Francisco. As news of the City Hall assassinations spread, people stood on streetcorners staring ahead, as if waiting for imaginary streetcars.

That November evening, 40,000 people, mostly gay, moved slowly down Market Street to City Hall in a silent, candlelight march that translated the culture shock of a mass showing of alternative life styles into the solemnity of a papal funeral procession. Instead of the Gregorian chant, there was a lone trumpeter playing "Blowing In The Wind."

On the steps of City Hall, there appeared Joan Baez, who greeted the mourners with "Amen" in dirge tempo. (It is part of the peculiar San Francisco tradition that every disaster has its sideline celebs: In 1906 it was Enrico Caruso.) A string of eulogizers repeated the chilling, challenging, posthumous words of Harvey Milk: "Let the bullets that rip through my brain smash through every closet door in the nation." About a year earlier, in a moment of extraordinary premonition, Harvey Milk, California's most high-profile gay, who had led the successful battle against state Senator John Briggs's anti-homosexual initiative on the California ballot, had tape recorded a message for his followers were he assassinated.

The huge crowd walked offstage into the wings that Black Monday night as silently as it had entered. Almost six months later to the day, on May 21, another Monday, there was another march down Market Street and another massive nocturnal gathering of gays outside City Hall. This time, there was a riot.

Gay men and women had poured into the streets, peas from the pod of outrage, shellshocked by the verdict delivered late that breezy summery afternoon by a jury of Dan White's peers. City Hall was trashed, a dozen police cars were burned to melt-down, and property damage reached a million dollars. The cops counterattacked, busting heads, and it became a gay Selma.

The prosecution had asked the jury to find, under California law, "special circumstances" in the City Hall assassinations that would make White eligible for life imprisonment or the death penalty medicine he had so fervently prescribed for gunslingers. After six days of deliberation, the jury instead found the ex-cop guilty of voluntary manslaughter, which carried the relative wrist slap of a maximum of seven years, eight months in prison. (Recently, White's attorney asked that the term be reduced by one year because of "errors" in the sentencing procedure.)

San Franciscans, in their maverick way, had evinced a great deal of sympathy for the man who had killed their mayor. But few people had expected the prosecutor's dream jury—white middle-class, mostly Catholic, no blacks, no Chinese, and especially, no gays, perfect soup meat for the law-and-order pot—to side with the accused, who never denied that he had shot the two politicians.

The man had shot down the mayor and a popular supervisor in cold blood. Now, with good time, he will be out of jail in less than five years. There is a widespread opinion, by no means confined to the gay community, that Dan White, in the precision of the cliché, has gotten away with murder.

THE MOST COMMONLY USED WORD ABOUT San Francisco was once "fun." Now it's the nastier three-letter word, "why?" From the Guyanan *Götterdämmerung* to political assassinations to the exoneration of a mayor-killer and a gay Selma, this has been one of the most devastating periods in San Francisco's fabulously spotted history.

Some judgmental elements among the Bible thumpers have advanced the theory that San Francisco is collapsing internally, as with rot, from its fabled liberality. This is a difficult proposition to sustain in a town where harassment, violence, and even murder have become, among many, acceptable "solutions" to the considerable matter of homosexuality. Former Supervisor Dan White is a hero to a lot of people here, not all of them in unrespectable quarters.

The story of how this happened in a city synonymous with tolerance is the story of San Francisco's failure to live up to its easy-going reputation in a time of immense cultural and economic change—most of it centered, or to old Irish Catholic San Francisco seeming to center, on the great gay migration to the Golden Gate. In the last decade, more than 100,000 homosexuals have heeded Horace Greeley's advice.

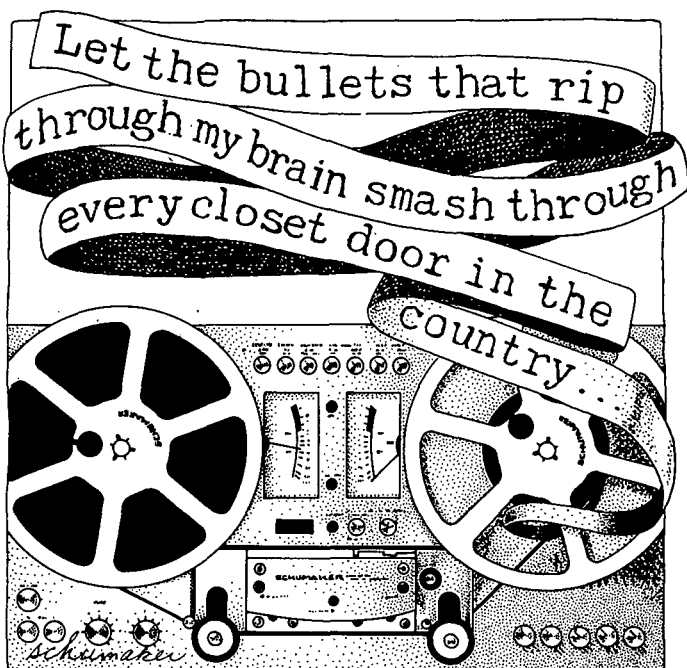
In a city whose population is shrinking toward 600,000, this has created social and economic pressures that underlie a

Dan White is a hero to a lot of people, not all of them in unrespectable quarters.

gusher of violence—little reported except in homosexual newspapers—against the San Francisco gay community. The number of beatings, murders, rapes—the thrill gang-rape of Charles Lewis is but one gross example—trashings, mutilations, bombings, and arsons has been building since the early 1970s. By 1977, a decade after the famous hippie "summer of love" in the Haight-Ashbury, gays were experiencing a summer of terror in the cradle of the counterculture.

Rat packs of homophobic punks, mostly white or Latino teenagers, prowled gay neighborhoods by night in search of victims. This antigay violence was at its most frenzied in 1977 A.B., the year of Anita Bryant, when gays organized patrols—one was called the "Butterfly Brigade"—for their own protection. The violence has not decreased to a point where gays feel safe alone on San Francisco streets at night. Most young gays carry police whistles to summon help in case of attack. In an average month more than a dozen muggings and stab-bings by gangs of street toughs preying on gays are reported.

Many gays are reluctant to call the cops because they encounter little sympathy, and often outright hostility from responding officers. Homosexual assault seems on the lower rungs of the ladder of crimes Frisco deems serious. The situation is not without its analogies to the familiar feminist complaint about condescending, "you probably deserved it" attitudes of cops toward rape victims.



This is a young gay man talking the night of the riot, as high flames from burning police cars lit the City Hall dome in an eerie, flickering orange: "You're seeing the people's anger—gay people's anger. Dan White getting off is just one of a million things that happen in our lives: the beatings, the murders, the people driven to suicide by the hostility of straights. We're just not going to take it any more. Dan White's straight justice is just the last straw. We're not just a bunch of fairies. We can be as tough as they were in Watts."

He and a friend rolled a torch of newspapers and went off to set fire to another police car. "Just tell people that we ate too many Twinkies. That's why this is happening."

Since the deaths of Moscone and Milk, their protector and their champion, gays in San Francisco have complained of increasing police harassment under the less liberal regime of Moscone's successor, Dianne Feinstein, whom gays with decreasing affection refer to as the Ayatollah Feinstein. Moscone was barely in his grave when the cops raided the Mabuhay Gardens, a punk nightclub police have been itching to bust, and crashed the Crystal Hotel in the Tenderloin, where they subjected the drag-queen tenants to the ministrations of nightsticks. "Why should you care? They're just a bunch of fruits," the sergeant in charge told the hotel's owner when he protested.

Moscone had frowned upon police poking their clubs into the business of consenting adults. Mayor Feinstein seems to hear the sound of another drummer. In a recent interview with the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the attractive, ritually bebowed lady mayor said: "The right of an individual to live as he or she chooses can become offensive—the gay community is going to have to face this."

"Can you imagine Dianne telling blacks that certain aspects of their behavior were offensive? No way!" said a gay

activist who does not normally read the *Ladies' Home Journal*, as he put the magazine down in disgust.

Mayor Feinstein's tightening the screws of propriety upon the city, the continuing antigay street violence, and what Harry Britt, the gay whom Feinstein appointed to fill out Milk's supervisorial term, called "blatantly antigay attitudes widespread in the San Francisco police department," were social kindling stacked to burn. When Dan White got a five-year walk for the dum dum bullet execution of two popular progay public officials, it was like the pull of the moon upon the waves: San Francisco had the nation's first major gay riot.

I am a teacher in San Francisco public schools and I know that the favorite derogatory expression of elementary school children is "jaggot." The children don't usually know what the word means—they use it because they heard their older siblings or parents using it.

—Letter to the editor,
San Francisco Chronicle

NEAR A STREETCAR STOP AT DOLORES PARK, overlooking the 1791 adobe Mission Dolores, the basilica minor of California, the words are spray-painted in jagged, foot-high letters on the concrete wall: KILL FAGS! DAN WHITE FOR MAYOR. To understand the phenomenon of Dan White and the spasms of hate contorting the City of Love is to introduce a new word into the vocabulary of violence: homophobia. This word is not in all the dictionaries, but it will be. It is defined as the fear of the proximity of homosexuals. Acute homophobia can lead to violent behavior.

His friends and family, and a large part of his city, have come to accept what Dan White did as incontestable fate, like one of Edward Gorey's childish misfortunes. However, there are many people in San Francisco, straight as well as gay, who believe that homophobia is the untold story behind Dan White's Final Solution.

Last November 27, when ex-cop White surrendered his smoking gun and made a friendly confession to a homicide inspector who was his former police-league softball coach—"I was just trying to do a good job for the city," said White—San Francisco was a still-life study of a city in shock.

In the city jail, where White was taken, the atmosphere was different. "It all seemed very fraternal. One police officer gave Dan White a pat on the behind when he was booked—sort of a 'Hey, catch you later, Dan' pat. Some of the officers and deputies were standing around with half-smirks on their faces. Some were actually laughing. I heard later they were making Harvey Milk jokes. The joke the cops were telling was that Dan White's mother says to him when he comes home, 'No, you dummy, I said milk and baloney—not Moscone!'

"This was just hours after the mayor and the supervisor had been shot down in cold blood. Some deputies—particularly the women deputies—were glaring at Dan White in disbelief and contempt, which is something you would expect in such an extraordinary situation. But most of the policemen were acting like it was a routine occasion. They were even being chummy to Dan White. The attitude of the cops seemed to be that Dan White had done something they were not unhappy about—some of them seemed elated—and they were in no way upset with him for doing it.

"To a lot of those cops, Dan White was a hero."

These are the observations of James Denman, the former undersheriff of San Francisco. Dan White was his prisoner. He spent 72 hours, day and night, with the man after he was arrested.

During the trial, the defense portrait drawn of Dan White depicted a tormented man with roller-coaster emotions who was in a deep depression the day of the shootings. Denman says this was not his prisoner: "He was supercontrolled. There was nothing in his face or body posture to indicate any emotion. There were no tears. There was no shame. He was polite, purposeful, and deliberate. Even when he was strip-searched and dressed in he didn't show any emotion. Just a couple of weeks before he had been a supervisor and now he was in jail

"Just tell people that we ate too many Twinkies," a rioter said as he torched a cop car.

and it didn't seem to bother him. You got the feeling that he knew exactly what he was doing and had no remorse. It was a real macho type thing."

The only time there was a tear in the prisoner's eye, Denman said, was when he called his mother. It was the only call White asked to make. "Hi, Mom, how you doing? I guess you heard," Denman recalls White saying.

Denman moved away from the phone. He didn't want to hear. The conversation lasted for about eight minutes. In the beginning White's voice turned soft, with a quality of caring, Denman said. After a while, it turned hard again.

"After that phone call, in three days I never noticed a tear in his eye or a quiver in his voice. What was so frightening was that there didn't seem to be an iota of remorse. He was perfunctory and businesslike.

"Even when I put him in his cell—when the bars slammed behind him—there was no reaction. He was cool. He just lay down on his bunk with his arms behind his head."

Denman was not called as a witness for the prosecution, even though he says he told San Francisco District Attorney Joseph Freitas about his observations of White in prison. These observations led him to the conclusion that there was more to Dan White's Final Solution than the financial rigors of the hot-potato business and a sudden flash of uncontrollable anger fused by the possibly combustible effect of carbonated sugar water and Twinkies—the chemical, pop-psychological explanation that was sold to the jury.

Denman believes that he was not called as a witness because of "political decisions" made by the district attorney's office. "The prosecution did not want to go into the connection between police attitudes toward gays and Dan White's state of mind," he said. "That which was left unsaid was what this trial was about. If White's typically cop attitudes toward liberals like Moscone and gays like Milk had been brought out at the trial the jury would have received a totally different picture."

SAN FRANCISCO COPS WERE WIDELY REPORTED wearing "Free Dan White" T-shirts in the days after the assassinations that set the city on a political course backward to dead right-center. After the verdict, one reporter who was standing near a police radio said he heard cops singing "Danny Boy" and whistling the Notre Dame Fight Song over the police band.

"There's a profound paranoia about gays in the police department," said the former undersheriff, a professional

criminologist. "It's the sort of thing you see in macho subcultures of men. They both despise gays, and are threatened by them. Perhaps it's the gays' free sexuality or the sense of enjoying breaking society's rules." Denman said that most police in his experience have the same attitude toward blacks and other minorities—anyone who deviates from the white male norm—but that gays in liberated San Francisco were so visible and up-front about their life style that it was a red flag to most orthodox cops.

George Moscone ordered the cops to handle the gays with lavender gloves. This was an order not enthusiastically received among the rank and file. The liberal mayor also appointed a reformist minded chief from outside the force, Charles Gain, the first "outsider" in half a century to head the clique-ridden, bar-stool Irish-dominated San Francisco police department, which was operated mainly on the buddy system; promotions hinged on which parish you belonged to and other Irish tribal rites, and departmental policy was settled in conversations on the church steps after Sunday mass.

The new chief's attempts to modernize the department, which, professionally, has been compared to an unaccredited college, were met with Russian front-type resistance from the troops. The most bitter opposition to Moscone and Gain's new-age policies came from the San Francisco Police Officers' Association, known as the POA, a union with some of the cultish overtones of a lodge, which powerhoused the notorious police strike of 1975 in which the cops destroyed police cars, slashed tires, and waved guns. Even before he got to the jail and received a welcome fit for Lindbergh, ex-cop Dan White was the political hero and great white hope of the POA.

POA members were active in White's 1977 law 'n' order campaign for supervisor, and the winner became the cops' champion on the San Francisco Board of Supervisors. White's was the swing vote blocking a multimillion dollar settlement—ferociously opposed by the POA—of a lawsuit brought by Officers for Justice, a group of black policemen. The suit sought to end the department's traditional racial discrimination—so blatant that critics have pointed out San Francisco's police department was less integrated than that of Montgomery, Alabama—and to make financial amends for internal racism's past. White saw the SFPD's white mainline as the last bulwark against the takeover of San Francisco by the radlibs, a.k.a. Moscone and Milk. "Once they've taken over the law enforcement mechanism of San Francisco, they've got the city cold," White told an approving Kevin Starr, a columnist for the Hearst *Examiner* who shares White's reductionism about what ails San Francisco. (During the "Holocaust" hoopla

POA members were active in White's campaign; he became their champion on the board.

Starr wrote a piece berating gays for having the gall to see themselves as victims, too. He accused gays of appropriating for "self-justification" the "agony of European Jewry." An Irish kid from the Mission who went to Harvard, Starr had never heard about Hitler's pink triangles for homosexuals.)

When White gave up his board seat for his hot-potato stand on Pier 39, the police heavies put enormous pressure on him to

change his mind and ask the mayor to tear up his resignation letter; without White's vote, the bad guys would win. The head of the POA was standing at White's right hand when the happy supervisor told the press that Moscone had promised him he could have his job back. POA members were the leading protesters when Moscone changed *his* mind about giving White back his seat, in part because of pressure from Supervisor Harvey Milk against giving a free ride on the merry-go-round to the city's most homophobic politician.

That was when White, his sense of personal betrayal amplified by his sense of us-against-them, strapped on his old police .38 and set off for City Hall to talk politics man to man.

THE BULK OF THE POLICE FORCE IS STILL made up of cops who, like Dan White, are the native sons of second- and third-generation Irish and Italian working-class families. The San Francisco they grew up in is vanishing before their eyes, and with it the dependable value structure of church and family to which so much of gay life is anathema. Before it became self-conscious and self-important and began to object to being called Frisco, San Francisco was a nice place to live. It was a place where the Mission district Irish didn't know their stick houses were Victorians and cable cars were merely things to go home on; in the old town the sound of dice in cigar-store back-rooms was street music and twilight was effulgent with the gleam of splendidly iced martinis, from the Mark's Lower Bar to Coat-tail Malloy's where the cemetery workers drank; the unofficial mayors were the McDonough brothers who, from their bail-bond factory at Kearny and Clay streets, regulated all business that was best done after dark while the cops drank next door at Cookie Picetti's; an old sport named Shanty Malone was king of the publicans, a place named the Flytrap had great food, high-rise meant elevator, God was in His heaven, and Joe DiMaggio was coming up to bat with the score tied in the bottom of the ninth.

That San Francisco, like Yeats's romantic Ireland, is with O'Leary in the grave, done in by successive invasions of tourists and plastic commercialism; by swinging singles who work in the new, skyscraper corporate headquarters downtown; and finally by the gay population influx. To old Irish San Francisco, the world was turning like a worm.

The homophobia that has been attributed to Dan White and many of his police force comrades does not lend itself to the simple pop-psych explanation that their up-tight Irish manhood is threatened by so many people coming out of the closet all at once. There is a hard economic edge to the San Francisco homophobic backlash that voids any easy Freudian answer.

The way many see it, immigrant gays have been used to reverse-blockbust low-rent minority neighborhoods. Young gays fresh to town generally get lower-paying ribbonclerk-type jobs, but two or three men sharing a flat can pool their paychecks and come up with a rent that a working-class nuclear family can't match. As the houses are renovated, the rents continue to rise and the poorer gays who pioneered have to move out and into the next neighborhood, where they encounter increasing hostility from black and Hispanic families vying for affordable housing. Economic homophobia is by no means limited to whites of the stripe of Dan White.

Dan White's stereotypical view of gays—one shared by many San Franciscans—was that they are all liberals, libertines, and real-estate speculators. The political reality is that the gay world has the same conservative-liberal splits as the straight world. There are three gay Democratic clubs in San

Francisco, and two Republican clubs. The Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club, the largest, refused to endorse Harvey Milk in his various tries at public office because the streetwise Harvey wouldn't kowtow to the Democratic party hacks. The economic reality is that gays are caught in the same rent spiral as other San Franciscans. Harvey Milk himself had to close his Castro Street camera store after his landlord tripled the rent.

When Dan White was campaigning for supervisor he would talk about people like his parents, who had lived and worked in the city all their lives and now were unfairly being driven out of town by rising taxes and rising rents. And it was clear who he believed was at fault. That was when he would say he was not going to be forced out of town by "social deviates." His campaign slogan was "Unite and Fight with Dan White." He pledged himself to sweep the sand off the beach.

"By choosing to run for supervisor, I have committed myself to the confrontation which can no longer be avoided by those who care," said White, an ex-Golden Glover. When Dan White walked into the room at a campaign gathering, the band played the theme song from "Rocky."

Life is war. We are all capable of doing this.

—Supervisor Lee Dolson,
after the shootings

FRISCO COPS CAN PLAY ROUGH. ONE POLICE chief who had crossed his men was taken for a boat ride on the bay and, according to legend, fed to the fishes. That was half a century ago, when the West was wild, but there remain perhaps more cowboys than gangbusters in the current Frisco force. Earlier this year a bunch of boys in blue commandeered a motorized cable car for a bachelor party, crashed a lesbian bar, and got into a fist fight with the girls. Richard Hongisto, the former sheriff of San Francisco, used to carry a gun in the bay city like the sheriffs of old, but his was hardly the traditional reason. "Dick wasn't afraid of the prisoners, but he was really concerned that someone in the police or sheriff's department would try to kill him," said Jim Denman, Hongisto's second in command.

Before he was elected sheriff, Hongisto was a San Francisco policeman. He was the only white cop to join the black Officers for Justice. His liberal postures made the law-enforcement old guard hyperventilate. Some of the hot air came out as death threats.

The threats became so heavy, Denman says, that Hongisto kept a sealed letter in his desk, which he told his undersheriff to open in the event of his sudden death—a political last will and testament similar to the tape recording Harvey Milk had made in the event a homophobic maniac assassinated him.

Within the police department, threats of bodily harm to Chief Gain have been almost as commonplace as bathroom pornography. The force is not with him. Two years ago he had his picture taken, out of uniform, at the annual Hookers' Ball, a San Francisco sybaritic gala. This photo, along with the chief's likeness encircled in telescopic-rifle cross hairs, was on station house bulletin boards.

George Moscone—bucking enormous police pressure—refused to replace the despised reformer with someone acceptable to the POA. Thus the mayor, too, became an object of police blood oaths. Margo St. James, the founder of COYOTE, the San Francisco-based national organization of prostitutes, said that she received a telephone call last July from a friend in the police department who predicted that "Moscone will be

dead before Christmas."

"There was a lot of talk about offing the mayor among thuggish elements of the POA—and these were the cops that Dan White was closest to. They have a perverted poisonous anger and a paranoia that gives them a sense of themselves as above the law," said Denman, who believes the police attitudes shared by White should have been introduced by the prosecution to give the jury an alternative theory of the ex-cop's motive for the murders. "Joe Freitas wasn't about to take on the cops," he said.

"There was a lot of talk about offing the mayor among thuggish elements of the POA."

The usual explanation proffered by San Francisco officials for the City Hall executions is that the shootings were a "senseless tragedy."

Jim Denman's opinion is representative of those who think there was more to it than that: "After the Peoples Temple violence, the press made immediate connections between what happened and San Francisco's liberalism. But nobody seems to want to make that connection between Dan White and the antigay and reactionary side of San Francisco. That never seems to get into the papers. . . . There's a connection between the politics of the POA and Dan White's mental set and the harassment of gays and the murder of the mayor and Harvey Milk. The more I observed what went on at the jail, the more I began to stop seeing what Dan White did as the act of an individual and began to see it as a political act in a political movement."

The Hallmark Card image of San Francisco is a place at the foot of the golden stairs, a sophisticated city of amiable sin whose hill-dwelling citizens indulge beatniks, flower children, and topless dancers. But there is an argument to be made for the proposition that the true patron saint of San Francisco is Savonarola of Florence, rather than Francis of Assisi. Contrary to San Francisco's tolerant reputation, the city fathers beat up on the beatniks, hassled the hippies, and arrested the topless; last year San Francisco spent millions shutting down nude encounter parlors while violent street crimes such as rape went on apace.

The 1975 municipal elections reflected Frisco's latent schizophrenia. George Moscone was elected mayor by 4000 votes, one of the thinnest margins in city history. San Francisco had split amoeba-like in two; the upper-income liberal and the new gay enclaves voted for Moscone, as did the majority of black, Latino, and other ethnic poor areas; the remaining half of the city was Dan White turf—the working-class families who had resisted the flight to the suburbs and remained to watch in bewilderment as swinging singles bars mushroomed on Union Street and the gays took over Polk Street and then Castro Street, which became the Great White Way of Gay America.

The 1975 elections gave San Francisco a liberal triad: a new mayor, sheriff, and district attorney, all supported strongly by the gay community. This was viewed by many as a takeover of city government tantamount to revolution. The plot thickened with the adoption of the Moscone-supported supervisorial elections by districts, which in 1977 brought to City Hall, in one corner, Harvey Milk, representing the Castro; and in the

other, Dan White, representing the God-fearing blue-collar people of the Outer Mission neighborhoods.

As the political tensions in town increased, so did violence against gays. Mayor Moscone strongly defended his gay constituency. He offered a \$5000 reward for the capture of three youths who had stabbed a gay city gardener to death on a quiet neighborhood street while yelling "faggot, faggot!" Moscone blamed the murder of Robert Hillsborough on state Senator John Briggs, the southern California paladin who was preaching the antigay gospel of Anita Bryant. The week before Hillsborough was stabbed Briggs had called a press conference on the steps of City Hall to denounce San Francisco as a sexual garbage heap because of its gay life style; the words Sodom and Gomorrah were used.

This was June of 1977. Dan White was busy writing his pamphlet with the famous agitprop about not being run out of town by "sexual deviates."

DAN WHITE'S SAN FRANCISCO IS THE UNpicturesque southeastern flatlands where the city meets the slurbs. This is the home of Joe Six-pack. The area has more savings accounts than the other areas of San Francisco, fewer newspapers delivered, and the lowest voter turnout. The neighborhoods—heavily Catholic, ethnically Maltese to Samoan, hard-working, and nonsense—are the last reservoir of the blue-collar ethic in a romantic city lately tilting towards narcissism. People out there still call chicken breasts "white meat" because they don't wish to mention the anatomy. The music is Lawrence Welk and the libraries stock pulp westerns of the kind that took Dwight Eisenhower's fancy. "There's nothing prestigious out here. People just belong to the church and play bingo," said Mary Brook, who publishes a local weekly newspaper.

When the grand wizards of San Francisco district elections apportioned the city into more or less natural geopolitical districts, the neighborhoods that seemed to fit in nowhere else became District Eight. It was the only district without an established political leader. Dan White, ex-cop turned fireman, suddenly materialized, a genie rubbed from the lamp of the unknown, to fill the void.

The candidate was cut of Frank Merriwell cloth. The second son of a large (nine children), popular, local family—his father was a hero fireman—Dan White was a neighborhood legend as captain of both the high-school football and baseball teams. An injury kept him from the New York Yankees farm system and a baseball career. He joined the army, went to Vietnam, came home in 1967 to join the police department, then in 1974 joined the fire department. In 1977, he ran for supervisor.

Dan White has been called, admiringly, a born competitor. He entered the Golden Gloves competition at the advanced age of 29, and, Rocky-like, went the distance, even though he was in the ring against a champ. He had a pretty Irish wife, a schoolteacher from another well-known neighborhood family. White campaigned door to door, with help from off-duty firemen and policemen. The good word about Mrs. White's boy was put out by the "mothers' club Mafia" in the Catholic parishes. Dan was everybody's favorite son.

Said a political writer during the campaign: "If Dan were a breakfast cereal, he could only be Wheaties." Coming out of nowhere, White thundered to easy victory like some happy client in a Bobby Zarem press campaign. His politics were simple: he was against the bad guys. "We've got to stand up to the criminal element in this city and tell them we're not going to take it."

It seemed that everybody thought of Dan White as Mr. Clean and Decent. "This is the first bad thing that Danny ever did," said a friend after the City Hall murders.

This view of Dan White was, ultimately, shared by his jury. "Background" and "hard-working" were buzzwords used repeatedly by the defense when describing White; they were code: read "white" and "straight." The defense argument was

Dan White's politics were simple: "We've got to stand up to the criminal elements."

that such a nice kid from such a good family wouldn't shoot anyone unless something snapped inside, and, subliminally, unless the victims somehow deserved it. White was portrayed as innocent as a Jamesian heiress; it was suggested, successfully, that the naif's exposure to the dirty world of politics had led to his becoming unglued. Moscone and Milk, the liberal and the gay, were allowed to be seen somehow as the bad guys.

"The prosecution accepted the defense's interpretation of Dan White as an All-American kid and no other motives, such as political antagonisms, were offered to the jury," said Supervisor Carol Ruth Silver, who is running for D.A. The jury, said Silver, was not given "sufficient information to bring in a verdict of murder one."

THE SEMANTICS OF HOW TO CHARACTERIZE the prosecution are at best imprecise. There have been arguments over whether the case was "blown" or "thrown." A word frequently invoked is "fix," although in San Francisco it is subject to as many interpretations as the King James Bible.

"I'd say there's been an informal or a subconscious fix," said San Francisco Charter Commission member Jack Webb, an ex-police inspector. "The prosecution clearly had an affinity for Dan White—it's just not like the police to go hard on one of their own."

"Fix? That's strong language. But the prosecution certainly stayed away from certain malcontent aspects of White's background," said Jack Berman, a prominent San Francisco criminal attorney. Berman said he wouldn't call it a "fix—not in that sense. Not a corrupt fix. If anything it would be more of a prejudiced fix."

Much of what was left out of the Dan White trial is told, for the asking, in District Eight. Before the trial, I spent two weeks on Dan White tundra interviewing his former supporters. I came to the conclusion that the truth about Dan White had been very thinly harvested. No one among some thirty people I spoke to in District Eight had been interviewed by investigators for the prosecution. The Dan White I learned about was something other than an All-American Boy, unless one considers certain black aspects of the Nixonian paranoia and vindictiveness as quintessentially American.

"Dan White had a little-boy way about him," said Mary Brook, publisher of the *Portola District News*. "He could plead and beg to get what he wanted, and if he didn't get it he could be a perfect brat. He could be mean and downright frightening."

Dan White was as humorless as an Iranian tribunal. He was never in half fun and full earnest, as the Irish like to say,

but always in full earnest. He suffered from a mental arthritis that kept him from bending to see anyone else's point of view. He admired the tough-guy Bay Area intellectuals, like Jack London, of Oakland, the health-faddist he-man who suffered from a terminal case of macho, and Eric Hoffer, of San Francisco, the longshoreman-philosopher, a hawkish Plato to the TV generation, who once explained that he had rejected Marx without reading him because "Marx never worked a day in his life."

Dan White's All-American Boy movie only worked in freeze-frame; in action, he was all walking contradictions. Inside the fearless competitor was a bully, a man who employed *Clockwork Orange*-type goons to hassle his political opponents, a man quick to threaten violence, a man who plotted revenge against his enemies, real or imagined, with the one-track mind of a vacuum-cleaner salesman.

Inside the superathlete and devoted husband and father was a junk-food junkie and Irish Catholic mess who would sleep in a sleeping bag instead of with his wife, a lazy slob who would send the baby to the baby sitter while his wife slaved over the stove at the hot-potato stand and sit home unshaven stuffing his face with Twinkies and feeling sorry for himself. The man of action never finished anything. He left high school before graduation and went from the army to the police to the fire department to politics—always striving for an "A" in manhood and always ending up with an "Incomplete."

The White jury said after the verdict that they had considered—as the judge had instructed them—Dan White's character and background, and found him a "moral man," as in the portrait of the young man the defense had painted. The prosecution had no witnesses to the contrary. District Eight had plenty.

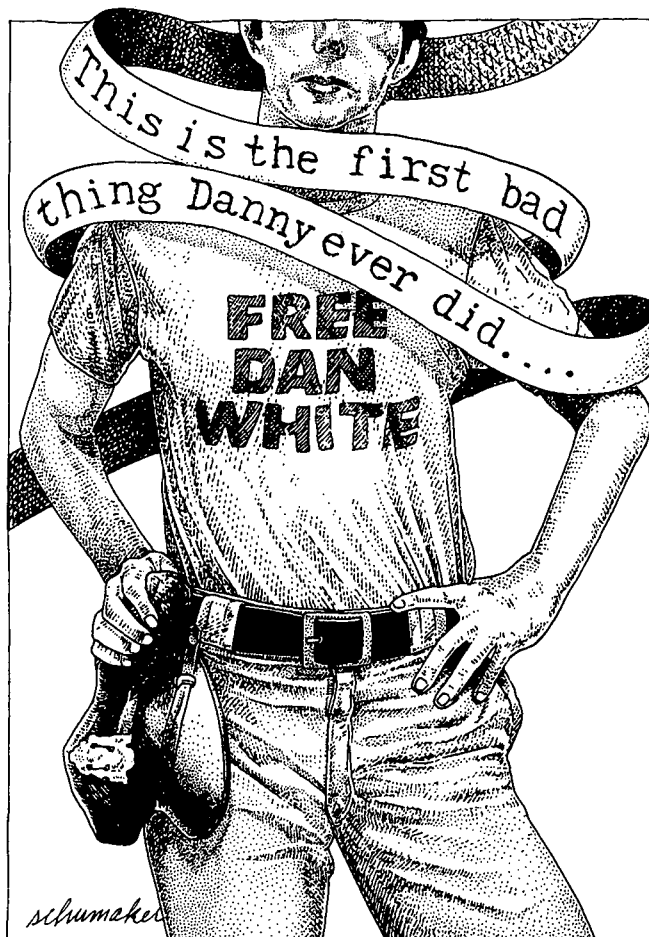
GOLDIE JUDGE WAS IN HER SWEETS SHOP ON Leland Avenue. She was sitting at one of the black plastic tables smoking a cigarette and sipping coffee from a styrofoam cup. There was red and white ticking on the walls. Giant ice cream cones hung from the ceiling like sugar stalactites. Her partner, Mr. Bercival, was behind the candy counter, piecing out treats; Goldie Judge was talking about Dan White. Judge had been White's first campaign manager. She quit after the candidate called her up

White packed meetings with a gang of street blacks who disrupted rivals' speeches.

at 4 A.M. and wanted her to make him a hero. Fireman White had just rescued a mother and daughter from a burning apartment house. He wanted the campaign literature to reflect his brand new heroism. Goldie Judge thought that was getting a little afiel of the issues. "It was all ego with him," she said. "He was in it just for the ego."

Judge had a problem with White on his first campaign brochure, the piece of agitprop where the candidate talked about ridding the city of "social deviates." (The brochure was later redone with the offending words modified.) "I kept asking him what he meant by that but he would never answer the question. After a while it became clear he meant gays. His whole campaign was antigay."

His first campaign manager described White as a bit of an ingrate and a snob. "He never contacted his supporters after the election. He never thanked anyone." When the defeated candidates, in the good-loser tradition, offered after the election to close ranks behind White for the good of the neighborhood, White's reaction was, once agin him, always agin him;



he would have nothing to do with them. "The only thing he seemed interested in was getting even with the people who hadn't supported him," Judge said.

Judge resigned in midcampaign. "I didn't like all these cops constantly hanging around the campaign," she said. "When he was a supervisor he ended up representing the cops more than the people out here. When he quit and then announced that he wanted his job back, there wasn't a person from the neighborhood at his press conference. But who was standing next to him? The sergeant who was the head of the policemen's union."

White's former friends and supporters describe him as a man with a pugilistic temper and an impressive capacity for nurturing a grudge. Former classmates at Woodrow Wilson High School said he would pick fights—often with blacks. At Riordan, a Catholic high school White attended before transferring to public school, one of White's classmates was Herbert Mullen, who grew up to become a Santa Cruz mass murderer. White told a psychiatrist hired by the defense that he and Mullen "used to talk a lot about boxing." "Dan was always threatening people and pushing them around," said Bob Barnes, San Francisco machinists-union president who ran against White for supervisor. Barnes and other candidates tell tales of White on the campaign trail that are out of Huey Long. White packed neighborhood meetings with a gang of

street blacks known as the Sons of Sunnydale, who would disrupt other candidates' speeches and in general march around the breakfast table for Dan White. "One of White's men would give a signal and the kids would start jeering when somebody else was talking," Barnes said. "He thought he was above the law."

Gang members went everywhere with White during the campaign—"It was like Jim Jones with his bodyguards"—and "blatantly" tore down the signs of other candidates, community leaders said. Bob Barnes said he was physically

"After he was elected Dan wasn't around that much. He went downtown and stayed."

threatened when he protested these tactics to White. "There was a lot of violence during the campaign. The whole thing was out of *Clockwork Orange*."

Ray Sloan was the out-of-town campaign manager White hired to replace Goldie Judge. He later became White's City Hall aide and political mentor. Sloan recalled fondly that White had won over the Sons of Sunnydale by "getting it on with them." Said Sloan: "One afternoon Dan just took off his coat and got in their football game and played like the devil. All of a sudden here was this white guy—the only white guy—in the game. The kids were impressed."

Residents of the predominantly black Sunnydale housing projects in District Eight tell another story. They say White bought the black youths' allegiance with beer busts and promises of jobs he never delivered. "He was always throwing parties for the boys. There was drinking," said Donna Billips, the former director of the Sunnydale Community Center.

"Dan White hated blacks—but he wasn't above using them for muscle," said the former secretary of the Sunnydale Community Coalition, Mary Brewer, who is white. Brewer said that after the election White abandoned his black boys. When the promised jobs never materialized, "the kids said it was just another white man's promise."

People in District Eight are still talking about the night the Nazis came to cheer for Dan White. It was during the campaign. There were four of them. The two men had swastikas in their lapels. The women had swastikas on silver chains around their necks. The Nazis were all wearing "Unite and Fight With Dan White" buttons. Bob Barnes asked White's campaign people to ask the Nazis to leave. This request was denied. Barnes said one of the Nazis tried to recruit his son, 20, who is gay. "He told them what they could do with their pink triangles," Barnes said. People in District Eight were reminded of that night when a woman wearing a Nazi armband showed up at Dan White's murder trial to root for the defense. "We call him Gentle Dan," said the Nazi.

Gary O'Rourke was in the Boy Scouts with Dan White. He said his childhood friend grew up to be a "bully boy." The ex-Golden Glover approved of violence as a tool of the political trade. His aide, Ray Sloan, was involved in several rough-house incidents, including a City Hall shoving match with a Samoan princess. The head of Catholic Charities in San Francisco, the Reverend John J. O'Connor, wrote to the board of supervisors to complain that Sloan, with his boss's approbation, had pushed around two Catholic social service

organizers while trying to oust them physically from a meeting. Their offense was that they wanted to speak against one of Dan White's pet projects. White's reaction was to recommend his aide for a merit badge.

"I told White he was inciting people and that it could lead to violence, and he said something like, 'Well, if that's the way it is, then that's the way it is,'" said Tony Fazio, one of the roughed-up church leaders.

"You must realize," said Dan White, in his campaign call-to-arms, "there are thousands upon thousands of frustrated, angry people such as yourselves waiting to unleash a fury that can and will eradicate the malignancies which blight our city." Dan White built his political base on the fears of crime-shy residents, much as a century before in San Francisco, Dennis Kearny, a sandlot agitator, built the Workingman's party on the slogan "The Chinese must go."

"White had an uncanny ability to stroke people's insecurities. He helped people hate. He's the scariest person I've ever heard give a political speech," said San Francisco consumer activist Kay Pachtner. Gary Yose, a District Eight community organizer, originally supported White for supervisor, but then opposed him when, he said, he discovered that the ex-cop politician's goal was "to build a mass white reactionary political movement."

According to those who knew him, White's personality was quixotic; he could be a begging friar, or a traffic cop at rush hour. There was about him that peculiar quality Lewis Carroll once tried to describe as "uffish," which he said was the state of mind when the voice is gruffish, the manner roughish, and the temper huffish. There was also something thuggish about Dan White. He once pursued a community leader all the way home and pounded on his door like a cop, demanding he turn over a mailing list to White because "I'm a supervisor." Many people recalled White, at campaign meetings, giving his "I know who my enemies are and I'm going to get them" speech punctuated by fierce glares at the audience. He was known for an evil eye. He barged into a big meeting of neighborhood people opposed to his reappointment as supervisor and his eyes were the metaphorical daggers. "If looks could kill," said Steve Rabisa, of the Communities of Outer Mission Organizations, "I would be a dead man."

In some ways Dan was too good for politics.

—Defense attorney Douglas Schmidt

IT IS THE LUNCH RUSH AT THE HOT POTATO Stand on Pier 39. The place is packed. The curious come along with the hungry. The pall of a murderer-owner has not discouraged the pursuit of the perfect champ fry, and Ray Sloan, Dan White's right hand, is sorting out the Bakersfield from the Oregon spuds like a jeweler sorting diamonds.

Pier 39 is an unloved tourist trap bulging ticky-tacky out into the San Francisco Bay. Practically everything about Pier 39 is being investigated these days. There are allegations that the city is being fleeced out of a million bucks a year in rents, and charges that port officials were "bought" and that sweetheart deals for restaurants and shops went to the politically influential. Nobody seems to know how Dan White got his potato stand, but Ray Sloan is willing to talk about it. "Hell, I don't care," he said.

Sloan is White's partner in the fast-spuds business. He says the business opportunity came to them through the interces-

tion of Mayor—then Supervisor—Dianne Feinstein and her friend, developer Warren Simmons, the maharajah of Pier 39. Feinstein, who owns a hotel and does not have to water the soup at home, was concerned about the financial well-being of her young political protégé. San Francisco supervisors earn \$9600 a year. “Dan had to quit his job at the fire department after he was elected and Dianne wanted him to have some outside income. Simmons happened to have a spot left at the pier and things worked out just fine,” Sloan said.

There were some problems. Supervisor White came in for political flak after he appeared before the Art Commission and the Bay Conservation and Development Commission to praise Simmons’s huge tourist come-on as the best thing to happen to the bay since the Golden Gate Bridge. Pier 39 was nowhere near Dan White’s district. Those with suspicious minds accused White of being quick to do the bidding of his sugar daddy. When people in his district made inquiries, the word went out that White no longer had a piece of the stand but that it all belonged to his brother. When the *Bay Guardian*, a local consumer-lib weekly, called White to suggest a conflict of interest, “White told us the [potato-stand deal] was off,” the *Guardian* reported. Later, it turned out that White had become an owner of record. “We each put up \$20,000 to get in—me, Dan, and Dan’s brother,” Sloan said. Nowhere during his trial was it pointed out that the All-American Boy might be a fibber.

White was no sooner in office than he fell down the rabbit hole of big bucks. The candidate of the outsiders ended up on the lap-robe of the fat cats. In the wake of Proposition 13, George Moscone had a plan to increase city business taxes to make up for lost property tax revenues. Dan White was the swing vote. He first voted for it; pass, 6 to 5. The next week, on a mandatory second reading, he changed his vote; fail, 6 to 5.

Shortly after White reversed his field, Warren Simmons threw a fund-raiser for the supervisor. White wasn’t running for anything. It was one of those non-election-year checkbook show-and-tells where men of property gather to let a fellow know he is appreciated. San Francisco’s corporate royalty was well represented. Their support for Mr. Clean never slackened. White’s last financial statement read like the morning line of San Francisco capital—contributions from the banks, department stores, billboard interests, realtors, and corporate giants like Bechtel and Standard Oil of California. About the only high-rise in White’s district is a church steeple.

While Dan was being noticed by the big boys downtown, his constituents in the flatlands began to complain that he was ignoring home base. “After he was elected Dan wasn’t around the district that much. He went downtown and stayed there,” said his former campaign manager Goldie Judge.

White took any such complaints as instances of rank disloyalty. He was, at any rate, listening to other voices. One was that of Ray Sloan who, according to Sloan, was busy talking to White about the possibility of the freshman supervisor challenging George Moscone for mayor in 1979. “We thought the money was there,” Sloan said. White was interested. “He would have been a hell of a candidate,” said Sloan.

White’s constituency began to narrow from his original broad base of support in District Eight to the special interests of downtown and, of course, the cops, half of whom live out of the city. “Dan White was the man the POA went to on the board,” said Frank Falzon, the cop who took his confession.

White’s tape-recorded confession, which moved the jury to tears, was a model of self-service. He told Falzon that he was anxious to get his job back because of the outpouring of support from the people in his district, but that was a lie. By

the time he quit, the local boy who made good had almost no support left in the old neighborhood.

In Chairman Mao’s phrase, Dan White had dropped too many stones on his own foot. He was elected with the blessings of the Catholic church, then shocked the faithful by getting into a political fight with a popular parish priest. He won with black support, but he was no sooner in office than he called for vigilantes to patrol the streets and berated the press for failing to routinely identify crime suspects by racial characteristics: “If they’re white, say they’re white; if they’re black, say they’re black; if they’re Chinese, say they’re Chinese,” said White the Orator.

A proposed citizens’ complaint review board to monitor complaints about police operations had wide support in District Eight, although not for your usual liberal reasons: People out there thought the cops weren’t responding fast enough when they called them. Dan White was the swing vote on that. He shocked his supporters by voting against it; fail, 6 to 5. This was the POA’s wish. Dan White had voted for No. 1.

While he was trying to convince the mayor to reappoint him, Dan White was caught at a City Hall copying machine, running off letters to generate support. He couldn’t muster any troops. When he met the press, White was flanked by cops and spear-carriers for the downtown real-estate crowd. They were the only ones eager for him to get back on the board. He’d sold out his people, and was tasting the ashes.

Studying the financially grubby underside of White’s sterling public image is instructive for understanding San Francisco’s schizophrenia and the dirty little secrets that were covered up in the City Hall murders. It is an article of political faith in certain quarters that the “dirty politics” of the town goes on between liberal bedsheets and that the good and pure families of the city suffer financially the burdens of blacks on welfare and socially the antics of gays. “Good people from good backgrounds” was the way his lawyer kept describing White’s purity to the jury, without any objection from prosecutor Tom Norman.

For the prosecution to tear down the image of Dan White would have been to topple one of the last pillars of middle-class respectability left to San Francisco. After Jonestown, this

White was no sooner in office than he fell down the rabbit hole of big bucks.

would have been psychologically devastating for the city and politically unproductive for District Attorney Joseph Freitas, who was coming up for reelection after the White trial.

There were other potentially nasty practical consequences of the prosecution’s picturing White as anything other than a good angel of St. Francis gone suddenly astray. It was originally reported that, in exploring what prompted White to snap, his defense planned to go into what were euphemistically called “social and political pressures that offended White’s sense of values.” This may have been made unnecessary by a bare-bones prosecution that pleaded only the facts of the shooting and stayed away from the question of possible motivation like villeins from the plague.

A pissing contest between defense and prosecution over Dan White’s character and his political motivations would

have brought out the San Francisco Convention and Visitors Bureau—and not a few prominent politicians—would have undoubtedly preferred to leave in the closet. The antigay feeling in San Francisco was but one thing. There was also the very sore point of the Peoples Temple's political alliances with the city's liberal establishment, including D.A. Joe Freitas, who hired Jim Jones's right hand man, Timothy Stoen, as an assistant district attorney, and put him in charge of a 1975 voting fraud investigation in which the Peoples Temple was implicated. Somewhere in the temple archives there was even a faith-healing film into which Jones's stalwarts had spliced footage of San Francisco's liberal seraphim—Freitas and black Assemblyman Willie Brown among them—giving the Reverend Jones their political blessing. None of this is the sort of courtroom follies pols like in an election year.

THERE WAS CARROT CAKE AND WHITE WINE. The Alice B. Toklas Democratic Club was meeting at the Dovre Hall, a gabled building with a French-sounding name that has been home to a Norwegian lodge but is now owned by liberated women. Downstairs is Pat Nolan's bar with a clientele of Irish laborers and Italian and Mexican garbagemen. It is your basic San Francisco building.

Alice is usually nice to the straight politicians who come to curtsy to the gay vote. Tonight there was the gritting of teeth. The speaker was Joseph Freitas, the district attorney of San Francisco. Freitas is a modish dresser and man about town known to intimates as "Disco Joe." He once sued to challenge Wheaties to prove its claim that it was Bruce Jenner's breakfast of champions; he also called a press conference to attack a department store's preteen underwear ads as kiddie porn. He had politically cultivated the gay community and, until the Dan White trial, was a straight dear to most gay organizations. Now he was trying to explain why it wasn't his fault that Dan White got away with murder.

The D.A. blamed the jury, whom he said had succumbed to "emotionalism." Then he blamed California's "diminished capacity" defense. The suggestion came from the audience that the fault lay not in the defense of diminished capacity but

"We did background on White and came up with no hard evidence of his being antigay."

in the prosecution, which, among many omissions, had failed to present to the jury any evidence of White's notorious homophobia.

"We did a background on Dan White and came up with no hard evidence of his being antigay," said Freitas, who was hit with hisses thick as hail. The D.A. retreated. This time he blamed the cops. "The investigation of witnesses is a function of the police department," he said. Freitas said he had been "informed" that all witnesses relevant to the prosecution were interviewed. Over the thunder and lightning of boos and obscenities names were yelled out, names of people with stories to tell of Dan White's antigay antics. The D.A. did not take notes.

Wayne Friday, the president of the gay Tavern Guild and a close friend of Milk's: "Harvey's office was right across the

hall from Dan White's. He could see right in. When you went in to see Harvey he looked away like you were poison. He hated us."

Cleve Jones, a former City Hall aide to Milk: "If I made some campy remark walking down the hallway—like commenting on some well-fitting pants—Dan White would stop and glare, really glare. His lip would be curled. It was almost scary."

Ann Kronenberg, Milk's former administrative assistant, a lesbian: "Dan White always acted nervous around me. He couldn't relate to me as a 'normal woman.' He was always ill at ease around gays, and particularly so around Harvey. Harvey in his nine months on the board became a hero to a lot of people—and not just gay people. He enjoyed politics and was successful at it. Dan White became increasingly withdrawn and up-tight. I think he was jealous of Harvey, I really do."

A San Francisco fireman who worked with Dan White: "He was a very moral person who was outraged by gays."

Robert Barnes, one of the few out-of-the-closet gays in District Eight: "Just the way he looked at you, you could feel the strange air. It was like he had feelings that he was having trouble handling."

Harvey Milk, five days before his death, in an interview with gay journalist Jack Davis: "Dan White is a stone homophobe. He's dangerous."

White's *lumpen* homophobia went beyond stares. He religiously voted against gay causes and opposed federal funding for a proposed gay community center in the nation's largest gay city. The only exception to White's slavish devotion to the wishes of the cops was his vote—the only one on the board—against closing Polk Street, the gay left bank, for the homosexual rites of Halloween. The cops wanted to close the street to aid crowd and traffic control, but White, so straight he was out of a Robert Service poem, didn't think the city should in any way encourage gays doing their thing on the street. The stern straight supervisor stopped speaking to the loose gay supervisor: "Harvey tried to get along with Dan, but after a while Dan just stopped talking to him," said Ann Kronenberg.

Milk assigned one of his aides, Dick Pabich, to talk to White in his place. Pabich became Milk's John Alden: "Harvey was always saying to talk to him and explain things and give him a chance to learn. It obviously didn't do much good," said Pabich, who would sit in White's office and talk for hours about matters gay. "He kept asking me what we wanted—'Do you want everybody to be like you?' he would ask. When I said gays just wanted acceptance, he kept giving me advice—'Don't be so far out of the closet.' He said that gays being upfront—which was the essence of Harvey's style—was 'antagonizing' people. He claimed that 'many other supervisors' felt the way he did about gays, but that they were politically afraid to admit it. He said the others didn't have enough guts. 'I know that—and you know that,' he'd say.

"All the time it was as if he wanted to say 'you faggot,' but it was like his mother had told him to be nice, and he was straining not to say it. He really wanted things to go back to the way they were before gays came to San Francisco. Talking to him, I realized that he saw Harvey and George Moscone as representing all that was wrong with the world," Pabich said.

When both were new on the board, the two freshman supervisors maintained a banter, bittersweet in retrospect, about their sexual preferences. "Harvey used to say to Dan, 'Try it—you'll like it,'" Ann Kronenberg recalled. The relationship changed to White's frigid silence after the board voted to establish a treatment center in District Eight for

emotionally disturbed adolescents. The project was a favorite of George Moscone, an advocate of mental-health programs, who was concerned that San Francisco was shipping its disturbed children out to psychiatric warehouses in other counties. Dan White went on a crusade against the idea. He thought he had Harvey Milk's vote—gays, after all, don't have children; Milk voted with the mayor, and White never forgave him.

Supervisor Quentin Kopp was in the board chambers during the vote. "When Harvey voted against him, Dan just kind of stared at him and said, 'Well I see the leopard never changes its spots,'" Kopp recalled. The White-Milk antagonisms were known to many people I talked to at City Hall, and these weren't just Milk's friends. Ray Sloan, White's aide, recalled the feud. "I don't know if they ever talked again after that mental-health vote—right up to the day Dan killed Harvey."

For the prosecution not to present such evidence of White's political and sexual loathings was like going after James Earl Ray without suggesting he hated blacks. In one of prosecutor Tom Norman's favorite clichés, "a kid out of law school" would know such testimony is the coin of malice, motive, and premeditation that must be tendered by the prosecution to

that they treated White's case as professionally as any other. That may be part of the problem. Cops aren't accustomed to digging up dirt about homophobia. But Falzon's investigation was more thorough than the D.A.'s prosecution, which failed to develop evidence that Falzon had uncovered about the White-Milk feud.

The prosecution devoted its considerable resources to proving what the defense had already stipulated: that Dan White took a gun to City Hall and shot two men dead. The only question in the trial was why—and only the defense had an

D.A. Freitas says evidence of White's homophobia wasn't "relevant to the trial."

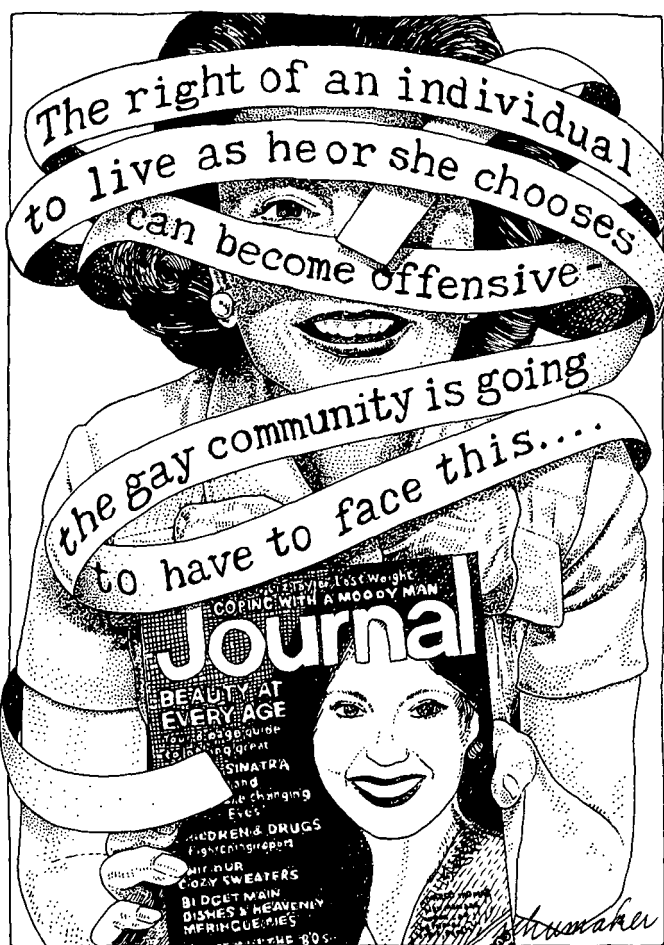
answer. The prosecution was thick with an attitude that, loosely translated, is part of the cop mind-set: Why do anything more to one of your own than he has already done to himself? Dan White had, after all, confessed; his wife and child were already going to suffer; why drag him, and the city everyone loved, through more muck?

TO GET A VERDICT OTHER THAN THE ONE that shamed San Francisco the prosecution would have had to take on the cops. This it was clearly not inclined to do. The prosecution's attitude is captured in an incident in prosecutor Tom Norman's office. Norman tried the case for Joe Freitas. He's low key and thorough and as predictable as a flea collar. He's been working with cops like Frank Falzon for almost twenty years; they're his friends; he drinks with them after work. Before he was selected as White's prosecutor, Norman told a prominent trial attorney that he hoped he didn't get the assignment because he felt "sorry" for White. When a reporter suggested to him that he might have to beat up on Falzon, he reacted as if she had suggested he beat up his mother.

The reporter was Linda Schacht, who was covering the trial for a San Francisco television station. She went to Norman's office one afternoon during the trial and told him about the talk in the press box that the prosecution was either blowing the trial, or throwing it. Norman seemed genuinely taken aback. He asked her what he possibly could have done that he hadn't done. She began counting on her fingers, backward.

Despite Norman's objections (overruled), inspector Falzon had just been put on the stand by the defense. He had answered the question about his opinion of Dan White's character before the unfortunate Twinkie binge: "A man among men," Falzon said. This, for the prosecution, was the stuff of disaster, like a Perry Mason denouement. Falzon was not only the friendly voice on the 24-minute tape-recorded confession, which moved five jurors to onion-ring tears when Norman played it in court (the tape ended with Falzon thanking White for "the truthfulness of your statement"), but he was the chief investigator for the prosecution; as such he sat at the head table with Norman every day in full view of the jury. The state's star investigator became the defense's best character witness.

Schacht asked the prosecutor why he hadn't tried to blunt the emotional impact of the almost Dostoyevskian tape on the jury and Falzon's positive testimony about White by going



buy a first- or second-degree murder conviction. The lawyers call this establishing a frame of mind. It's not unknown in conventional prosecutions. Instead, this jury heard that Dan White *liked* his gay victim.

Frank Falzon, the veteran homicide inspector who took White's controversial "friendly" confession—"Can you relate these pressures you've been under, Dan, at this time?" was one of Falzon's not exactly Star Chamber questions—says that he and his partner put in 480 hours on the investigation and

into Falzon's close relationship with the accused, police attitudes toward gays, POA support for Dan White—the works. “Falzon's family was in the courtroom, so there were questions I didn't want to ask him,” Norman said.

“Judgment calls,” D.A. Joe Freitas said about the prosecution's strategy, when angry gays at the Alice B. Toklas meeting nailed him to the cross of fact.

It was a judgment call when the prosecution excluded minorities such as blacks and Asians and gays from the jury—this in a town 50 percent nonwhite and one-sixth gay—and came up with a solid gold, all middle-class, mostly Catholic, District Eight-type jury of family people sharing Dan White's values. It was a jury of the murderer's peers. The majority of the women jurors were the same age as Dan White's mother. One juror was a retired cop, another the wife of the cook in the county jail—but a gay man from a police family was excluded. The prosecution went along with the defense's desire to keep gays off the jury—“Imagine if Harvey Milk had been a black supervisor and the defense tried to keep blacks off the jury!” a gay activist said. Prosecutor Norman barely used his jury challenges. The White jury was speedily selected out of the first panel. (Last year the D.A.'s office, in an encounter-parlor prosecution, took the time and trouble to go through three panels to get the hanging jury it desired.)

It was a judgment call to allow the defense to steamroller the jury with hired-gun psychiatric testimony (the defense had three psychiatrists and one psychologist). This enabled the defense to give the jury Dan White's sob story without putting the accused on the stand. The prosecution summoned only one psychiatric witness, and his testimony was largely shot down by defense attorney Douglas Schmidt. (Norman has said in his defense that he didn't know until too late that a psychiatric defense was coming, although Dr. Roland Levy, the prosecution's psychiatrist, testified at the trial that Norman had wanted him to see White immediately—the day of the murder—because Norman told him that a psychiatric defense in this kind of murder case was common.)

It was a judgment call when the prosecution did not challenge defense testimony that Dan White was a walking, Twinkie-stuffed mess in the days before the shooting, despite the many witnesses who would have testified that right up until Bloody Monday he was as normal as a Big Mac. Ray Sloan visited White on Saturday. White was in fine spirits.

Mayor Dianne Feinstein uses “life style” the way Nixon used “national security.”

They talked about football. Sloan talked to White on the phone Sunday night about business. “He seemed fine,” Sloan said. Supervisor Quentin Kopp also talked to White on the telephone Sunday night. Kopp said that White sounded more together than he'd ever heard him. “If Dan White was as depressed as the defense psychiatrist said he was before he went to City Hall, then shooting these people sure seemed to clear up his mind,” said his jailer, undersheriff Denman, who found White as relaxed as a Grant's Scotch ad, just hours after the murders.

District Attorney Freitas's final refuge is in lawyerisms. He says that not one comet in the entire galaxy of political and

personal facts about Dan White—his rabid homophobia, his bitter political feud with Moscone and Milk, his condoning of violence in political situations, the dirty truth about his so-called political purity and innocence—would have been admissible in court. “Those things weren't relevant to the trial,” Freitas says.

Ten accomplished criminal lawyers have told me that the D.A. must have been inhaling swamp gas to argue that. “Once the defense brought in White's good character as part of his defense, the prosecution could introduce anything in his background on rebuttal. It's ridiculous to say that stuff couldn't be relevant,” one lawyer said. “This just wasn't a normal prosecution.”

“Cops usually get off easy in San Francisco,” said former police inspector Jack Webb, “But this case has carried professional courtesy a little too far.”

IN THE ALL-NIGHT MOVIES IN SAN FRANCISCO, a car salesman in double-knits is offering a free six-pack of Twinkies to anyone who comes in to test drive an RV. Thus San Francisco assimilates its tragedies.

Dan White's bullets have changed the leftward drift of the city on the earthquake fault. Mayor Dianne Feinstein, who uses the buzzword “life style” the way Richard Nixon used “national security,” has surrendered to the POA and fired Charles Gain, Moscone's reform-minded police chief who painted the police cars baby blue. Gone is George Moscone, who did not look the other way when a gay couple crossed the street. Gone is Harvey Milk and the coalition of the minorities and the poor and the gays that he was forging. The night of the City Hall riot, the crowd chanted above the wail of dying sirens in burning police cars, “Dan White—hit man for the New Right.”

People are talking tough in Frisco. There are Dan White clones. Ernie Raabe, a police captain running for sheriff, tells a luncheon audience, “We have to get after the weirdos and miscreants who've been putting our city in a bad light.” The new head of the POA, Bob Barry, a thirtyish patrolman who wears a vest, says that the police-gay situation is “a political confrontation.”

The gays, making new enemies since the riot, are losing old friends. Charles McCabe, a *Chronicle* columnist who championed gay rights back in the straight sixties, now writes that gays must adopt a strategy of “low public visibility” if they are to keep their advances. In other words, back to the closet. “The closet is no longer a guilt-ridden cell. Today it is, as a man's home should be, his castle,” quoth McCabe.

Joe Freitas, the disco D.A., is having an uphill fight for reelection. To the left, he defends the Dan White verdict, and, to the right, explains how he wasn't really that good a friend of the Reverend Jim Jones. He shows up everywhere. The Friday afternoon before the Dan White verdict, while the jury was sequestered in a stuffy room in the unlovely Hall of Justice, arguing and snacking on white-sugar foods, Freitas was at a society gala on Alcatraz, a men's fashion show benefiting the Police Activities League, surrounded by cops in Charles Jourdan boots and Nino Cerutti jackets. People were eating escargots in truffle sauce by candlelight in the main cellblock. The sun set and across the water the city was embers.

“What scares me about the City Hall murders is that they were so much like Jonestown,” said gay journalist Randy Alfred. “They were both cult murders. In Jonestown it was a suicide cult. In San Francisco, it was a cop cult.”

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THE LETTERS OF D. H. LAWRENCE, Volume I: September 1901– May 1913, edited by James T. Boulton. Cambridge University Press, 579 pp., \$29.50.

The serpent hatches

WILLIAM H. PRITCHARD

EARLY ALONG IN THIS first of what will be an eight-volume collection of D. H. Lawrence's correspondence, the young man on the verge of his twenty-first birthday writes to Louie Burrows about her literary style: "I like above all things your enthusiasm, and your delightful fresh, youthful feeling. Don't be didactic; try and make things reveal their mysteries to you, then tell them over simply and swiftly, without exaggerating as I do." Good advice for the young woman, doubtless, but more interesting when held up against these nearly six hundred letters and postcards in which we see the young Lawrence become a man and a writer: author of three novels and a book of poems; proponent of "a belief in the blood"; defender of the centrality of marriage between man and woman; and mate of a particular woman, Frieda von Richthofen Weekley, who has given his life new spirit and purpose. As man and writer, Lawrence wants to reveal the mysteries of things, but he knows that his own tendencies are toward didacticism, willfulness, and exaggeration—the qualities of "genius"; perhaps even knows that those latter impulses may thwart the former intention. From this tension the letters derive much of their energy.

It should be a reader's privilege and responsibility to speak back to the voice that registers itself on our consciousness so unmistakably throughout these six hundred pages. Yet it is difficult, particularly in the early part of the volume, to

hear Lawrence's voice, surrounded and interrupted as it is by the editing of James Boulton, who is also general editor of the series. To put it succinctly, he has annotated Lawrence within an inch of his life. For example, the fifth item in the book, a postcard to a childhood friend from Eastwood, has an introductory sentence that looks like this: "Do you¹ like this, it's not cats."² Footnote one tells us that the "you" is Gertrude ("Grit") Cooper (1885–1942), who suffered from tuberculosis, whose father died in 1918, who then lived with Lawrence's sister, and who was buried in the same grave as Lawrence's parents and brother. Footnote two, the one for "cats," confesses that "The reference is obscure." The postcard's other three short sentences attract three further footnotes, and one begins to wonder who in the world, aside from a mad Lawrentian specialist, would have any conceivable interest in all this flurry. At one time the reader is conceived of as someone who would like to know where "Grit" Cooper is buried, or who the nurse was who sat with Lawrence when he was critically ill with pneumonia in 1911 ("Despite a Croydon address for 'Nurse' in DHL's address-book, her identity cannot be traced"). At another time, the reader knows absolutely nothing, needs to be informed of the first names and dates of Shaw and Verlaine, needs to be told that "mewling and puking" is a reference to *As You Like It* (II, vii, 144). Anyone who is neither a Lawrence freak nor a tabula rasa will find his gorge rising.

The trick is to ignore the overkill as best you can, be grateful for the editor's hard labor, and try to make out a story that fits the Lawrence of these years. My own version goes something like this: In the early part of this book we hear the voice of the young, the Eastwood Law-

rence, observant and thoughtful, often playful in the manner of Keats's great letters from a hundred years before. Eastwood Lawrence writes like this, nearly always to a woman:

I am so lazy; having just gathered some gooseberries for a pudding, and picked them out here on our little mat of grass, sitting in the united shade of an elder and a lilac bush, I am disinclined to go indoors to the table. . . . Now the vivid potentillas just move in a little breeze that brings hot breath of hay across the permanent spice of pinks. From the field at the bottom of the garden, I hear the 'chack' and jingle of a horse-rake; the horse is neighing; there, they come into sight between the high larkspur and the currant bushes; the man sits like a charioteer; his bare arm glistens in the sun as he stretches forward to pull up the tines; they have gone again. It is a true mid-summer day. . . . Only the bees are busy, nuzzling into some wide white flowers;—and I am busy too, of course.

Such diligent indolence is worthy of his Romantic predecessor, as is the following thought, reminiscent of Keats's comparison of life to a "mansion of many apartments": "I believe that a man is converted when first he hears the low, vast murmur of life, of human life troubling his hitherto unconscious self. I believe a man is born first unto himself—for the happy developing of himself, while the world is a nursery, and the pretty things are to be snatched for, and pleasant things tasted; some people seem to exist thus right to the end. But most are born again on entering manhood; then they are born to humanity, to a consciousness of all the laughing, and the never-ceasing murmur of pain and sorrow that comes from the terrible multitudes of brothers." The young man knows the weariness, fever, and fret, can no longer believe in the Christian answer to it, feels himself born into poetry, becomes a man who must speak to men.

THE LAWRENCE OF EASTWOOD days is an appealing figure, seldom hectoring his correspondent, able to say "it is my fault—my temper is so variable." This figure persists, indeed becomes even more expressive and resourceful, after he moves to Croydon in the fall of 1908 and begins his career as a school teacher. Croydon Lawrence abounds with superb sketches

WILLIAM H. PRITCHARD is the author of *Seeing Through Everything: English Writers 1918–1940. His Lives of the Modern Poets will be published next spring by Oxford University Press.*

of London and its environs, like the railway embankment he can see from his back garden in Colworth Road: "In the dark, as if suspended in the air, little trains pass bright and yellow across the uncurtained door. The little trains have only one carriage, something like a tram car, and often there are no passengers; sometimes two, taking the space of one, fancying themselves secure in the privacy of a corner. It is quaint, like looking out on the world from a star, to watch them jog slowly past." Or he visits Richmond Park: "One of the few remaining parts of the old world of romance. The hills rise up and look on the great oaks writhing and twisting—the beeches are tremendous steel shafts—there are broad spaces and great fierce groves, where the pale deer flee, where, I vow, there are dryads and fauns, where you might find a Viking asleep, where there are outlaws and knights in armour and ladies who exist solely to be succored."

Such fantasy and romance, the essential genius of Lawrence's fiction, combine in this portrait of the Dulwich Art Gallery: "a lovely and lovable little place, full of old, fascinating pictures—Colonel Lovelace looking with full, womanly glance; the saddening face of Chas II—pale Chas I—all the old people in one dear nook. There is a fine collection of Dutch pictures. . . . I love the human, sturdy, noble Dutchies. . . . Many quaint interesting Poussins—such a splendid little gallery—so little, so rich." Or he travels to Brighton, "big, stately, magnificent, with a sea like pale green jewels—is lapis lazuli green?—and all wavering, shimmering, intermingling with purple—lovely—inexpressible." Then, in a burst of Keatsian humor: "But Brighton is stately, and I'm not, so I pushed my way through the wind, and here I am at Rottingdean."

Lawrence's generosity toward landscape extends as well to the books he was reading and that he needed to share with his correspondents. Writing from unstately Rottingdean to Louie Burrows, he recommends and praises *Manon Lescaut*, Tolstoy, and H. G. Wells ("read, read, *Tono Bungay*; it is a great book") in the same paragraph. Similar enthusiasms—expressed during the exciting period in 1909 when Ford Madox Hueffer "discovered" him, publishing his poems in the *English Review* and introducing him to literary London—are directed at Arnold Bennett, Galsworthy, Synge, and George Moore. Everything seems to be opening up ("I am going to dine with Ezra Pound tonight. We shall meet a crowd of other literary

folk"), *The White Peacock* is being rewritten, fine short stories and poems are produced—all the while the writer continues to be a conscientious, hardworking teacher at the Davidson Road school.

In retrospect it all seems miraculous and about to explode, particularly the balancing act he effects with his women: with Jessie Chambers to whom he remains betrothed until November 1910; with Louie Burrows to whom he becomes engaged in the following month; with Helen Corke, his friend in Croydon ("a new girl—a girl who 'interests' me—nothing else") whom, in a letter to another friend, Blanche Jennings, he mentions along with Agnes Holt ("my latest love? Well—she's off again—I don't like her") and Jessie ("the old girl"). Truly a dream of fair women.

But the most important woman of them all was of course his mother. During her fatal illness he writes that "it is

true, we have been great lovers," and says that "I have muddled my love affairs most ridiculously and most maddeningly"—referring to the particular breaking off with Jessie Chambers, but with more general application. The death of Mrs. Lawrence at the end of 1910, his bout with pneumonia in the next year, the eventual break with Louie in February 1912, all seem to clear the stage for Frieda to make her entrance, which she does most dramatically in the single sentence of a Lawrence note to her in March 1912: "You are the most wonderful woman in England."

AFTER THAT A NEW STORY begins, and a new Lawrence, whom I confess to finding a less attractive customer. By June of 1912 he is in Munich with Frieda, writing home to an unhappy colleague at the Davidson Road school, "I tell you, find a woman you can fall in love with. *Do it.*"



COLLAGE BY MARIANNE ACKERMAN

... You are wasting your life. How miserable your last letter! Nowadays, men haven't got the courage and the strength to love. You must know that you're committing slow suicide." Note the appeal to "men" here, in this strident attempt to set Arthur McLeod right. After all, McLeod is in England, and "I hate England and its hopelessness. I hate Bennett's resignation. Tragedy ought really to be a great kick at misery." So *Anna of the Five Towns* "seems like an acceptance," and is therefore inadequate, as is McLeod, as is England. Since William Heinemann declines to publish *Sons and Lovers*, "Curse the blasted, jelly-boned swines,

Lawrence lost the willingness to let things reveal their mysteries.

the slimy, the belly-wriggling invertebrates, the miserable sodding rotters, the flaming sods, the snivelling, dribbling, dithering palsied pulse-less lot that make up England today. . . . Exterminate them, slime." Not very imaginative invective, but prophetic of much to come in the later Lawrence.

Up to this point his letters had shown almost no animus toward England and the English—indeed, quite the contrary. But Eastwood-Croydon Lawrence has now given way to Genius Lawrence, with Frieda behind him (sometimes rather far behind, since the editor surmises that already by the end of 1912 she has seduced Harold Hobson, their traveling companion in the journey south from Germany). Lawrence is now at heroic odds with the rest of the world, and reading one novelist tends to be like reading another. So *Under Western Eyes* (1911) is boring because "I can't forgive Conrad for being so sad and for giving in." Only someone convinced of his own genius would think it his prerogative to forgive or not to forgive Conrad anything.

Now come the famous pronouncements about the blood being wiser than the intellect, about how his life work will be "sticking up for the love between man and woman." Meanwhile, he says, Frieda reads the letters he writes; thus (to Edward Garnett) he must choose his words carefully, but he promises to write

Garnett some day when she is out! Frieda not only reads the letters but helps write them; or she will begin a letter to David Garnett and Lawrence will interject gems like "Shit," "balls-aching rot," "bitch!" and "arse-licking." This may be an example of the love between man and woman, of healthy unrepressed "blood"; but one winces, wishes the high jinks were funnier, isn't quite convinced that it all travels very well. By contrast, the bold talk about standing naked "for the fire of Almighty God to go through me," and how "terribly religious" one must be to be an artist, may seem yet another kind of rhetorical inflation, a bragging that can't quite conceal the rattling of chains—even though the chains are attached to the most wonderful woman no longer in England.

No matter: *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love* are to come. But in one's natural impulse to salute the development of an artist, to hail his passage from youth to maturity, one might also pause and give a thought to what has been lost: the "delightful fresh, youthful feeling" he wrote of to Louie Burrows; the impulse *not* to know what is best for other people, or for England; the willingness to let things reveal their mysteries—all that negative capability which the later Lawrence, in his willfulness and didacticism, sold short. □

THE POLITICS OF WAR: The Story of Two Wars Which Altered Forever the Political Life of the American Republic (1890-1920), by Walter Karp. Harper & Row, 380 pp., \$15.00.

The Republic was

ARTHUR A. EKIRCH, JR.

THIS IS AN ENGAGING AND well-written popular study of the two wars that changed the United States from a liberal republic to an imperial world power. The period between the coming of the Spanish-American War and the entrance of the

Among ARTHUR A. EKIRCH, JR.'s recent books are *The Decline of American Liberalism* and *The Civilian and the Military*.



United States into World War I marked the transformation of American political life. The author, Walter Karp, is an accomplished journalist who is especially interested in the political scene. His first book was a scathing attack on the ways in which Americans have been misgoverned by their two major political parties. This same theme also serves as an introduction to the current work.

At odds over little other than who should rule and hold office, the Democrats and Republicans enjoyed a comfortable coexistence until they were challenged by the rising Populist movement and People's party of the 1890s. Although the more nationalistic Republicans had traditionally shown a greater interest in foreign affairs than did the states' rights Democrats, both parties turned to an interventionist foreign policy as a welcome escape from the domestic turbulence and hard times of the 1890s. Grover Cleveland, with his second Presidential administration reduced to impotence by the depression of 1893 and the political attacks of the free-silverites, Populists, and the radical western wing of his own Democratic party, made a minor border dispute between Venezuela and British Guiana into a virtual *casus belli*. Hitherto unaggressive in foreign affairs, Cleveland, abetted by his secretary of state Richard Olney, used the threat of American intervention to force arbitration upon Great Britain. "Avid for war with *someone*," Karp writes, "three years before the *Maine* exploded, the nation's political leaders had transformed a foreign quarrel of no consequence to the United

States into a major political issue and had distorted it beyond recognition.”

The generally conservative Cleveland, though a jingo in the Venezuelan affair, refused to pursue an imperialist policy with respect to annexing Hawaii or intervening in Cuba. His Republican opponents, however, were eager to “get up a foreign war if possible.” Accordingly, Cuba and the Spanish-American War, John Hay’s “splendid little war,” served to introduce the United States to the “large policy” of 1898 by which the nation acquired the Philippines and embarked upon its first imperialistic adventure. Undeterred by the equivocal state of race relations in the South and the general American prejudice against blacks, the United States confidently assumed the “white man’s burden” with respect to the Filipinos. President William McKinley, whom Karp treats as a serious and conscious architect of the new American diplomacy, is characterized as “an uncommonly dangerous politician.” Although McKinley and the Republican leaders used the language of “duty and destiny,” it was clear that they were enthusiastic about the new imperialistic policies in Asia and Europe as well as in Latin America. While the war with Spain furnished the convenient prelude, it was World War I that provided the climax, foreclosing for the foreseeable future the prospect of continuing America’s political life as an anti-imperialistic republic.

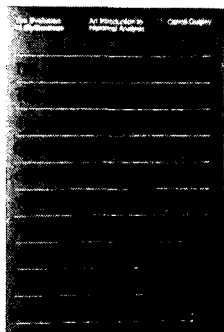
GIVEN HIS REALISTIC ASSESS-
ment of the forces behind American imperialism, it is surprising that Karp adopts such an uncritical view of American Progressivism. As historians now recognize, there was no essential difference between Theodore Roosevelt’s nationalistic domestic policy and his aggressive foreign policy. Although some of the western Progressives like Robert M. La Follette were in the Populist tradition, Progressivism on the national stage, despite the Roosevelt rhetoric of conservation and trustbusting, was essentially a conservative, big government—big business affair. Its foreign policy, backed by a growing militarism on land and sea, was the logical adjunct of its nationalistic domestic program. Both, welded together, led naturally to the imperial Presidencies of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. Both men desired to be strong executives, intervening in world politics even as they sought to regulate and control the domestic economy via so-called reform legislation. The author’s major

concern, however, is foreign policy rather than economic analysis, and the larger portion of his book deals with Wilson and the politics of American involvement in World War I.

Although Karp provides little that will be new to scholars familiar with the revisionist interpretation of America’s first crusade, he offers the general reader an excellent account of the steps by which the Wilson administration carried the nation from peace and neutrality to intervention and war. He tells the story of how the President, “a man of high ideals but no principles,” aban-

doned the impartiality “in thought as well as in action,” which he had enjoined upon his countrymen, for a type of military preparedness and diplomacy that could lead only to war. As President, Wilson realized the important advantage that his Republican predecessors’ “plunge into international politics and into the administration of distant dependencies” gave to his desire for heroic statesmanship. “The decisive trait of Wilson’s political character,” Karp writes, “was vainglory: a hunger for glory so exclusively self-regarding, so indifferent to the concerns of others, that

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it would lead him to betray in turn the national movement for reform, the great body of the American people, the fundamental liberties of the American Republic, and in the end the hopes of a war-torn world."

Central to Wilson's diplomacy was his insistence on the letter of the law of traditional neutrality, including especially Americans' right to travel into the war zones on belligerent ships. The sinking of the great British passenger liner the *Lusitania*, on May 7, 1915, with the resulting loss of 124 American lives, was, of course, a major catastrophe. In contrast to his perfunctory protests against the British hunger-blockade of Germany, Wilson, in a series of harsh notes, reiterated his stand that held Germany to "strict accountability" for the loss of life and property from its use of the sub-

mined to enter the war whenever such action became vital to enforce his conception of a just and durable peace.

Wilson's notes to the belligerents in the fall of 1916, taking up the ideas of the earlier House-Grey memo and urging both sides to state their peace terms, were largely nullified by the Allies' tacit understanding, encouraged by Secretary of State Robert Lansing, that the United States would not accept Germany's conditions. The way would then be open for America to enter the war on the side of Britain and France. Although Wilson, as late as January 1917 in his "peace without victory" address, tried to persuade himself and the world that he was working to prevent war, he stubbornly refused to modify his narrow legalistic views on rights of neutrals. His final position was that the United States

World War I foreclosed the prospect of keeping America an anti-imperialistic republic.

marine. Despite the *Lusitania's* emotional impact upon the American people, most of the country was not ready for war. But although Germany agreed to abandon its submarine warfare for the rest of 1915, it was clear that Wilson had adopted a policy that would make war certain when America's mounting exports to Britain and France goaded the German nation into an all-out renewal of its attacks on Atlantic shipping.

CRUCIAL TO THE PRESIDENT's diplomacy was his commitment to "preparedness," a militaristic movement that he took over late in 1915 from such Republican protagonists as Roosevelt and Leonard Wood. The League to Enforce Peace—essentially by a hoped-for American intervention in Europe—although ignored by Karp, provided the rationalization by which President Wilson could campaign in 1916 as the advocate of both peace and preparedness.

Because Wilson strongly favored the cause of the Allies, an embargo on munitions was beyond the range of possibility, but the unwillingness of the President and his anglophile adviser Colonel E. M. House even to warn Americans to stay off British ships is difficult to understand. Unless of course, as Karp points out, one admits that Wilson was deter-

mined to enter the war whenever such action became vital to enforce his conception of a just and durable peace. Wilson's notes to the belligerents in the fall of 1916, taking up the ideas of the earlier House-Grey memo and urging both sides to state their peace terms, were largely nullified by the Allies' tacit understanding, encouraged by Secretary of State Robert Lansing, that the United States would not accept Germany's conditions. The way would then be open for America to enter the war on the side of Britain and France. Although Wilson, as late as January 1917 in his "peace without victory" address, tried to persuade himself and the world that he was working to prevent war, he stubbornly refused to modify his narrow legalistic views on rights of neutrals. His final position was that the United States

government would risk war to protect the "right" of Americans to travel unharmed through war zones on *armed* belligerent merchant ships. Moreover, he rejected the simple course of a hands-off policy of letting the war in Europe run its course. The German leaders, meanwhile, had decided that in view of America's fundamental unneutrality they had no recourse but to renew all-out submarine warfare. Germany, they believed, must make a final effort to win the war before America's economic aid and impending military intervention tipped the balance of power in Europe. Thus, the declaration of unrestricted submarine warfare in January 1917.

In retrospect it seems clear that once Wilson forsook his own admonitions of an impartial neutrality for his pro-Allied diplomacy, American entrance into the war became almost inevitable. The war would bring unprecedented economic controls, government planning, a storm of bigotry against Americans of German descent, and a systematic attack on the civil liberties of dissenters. Thus the World War concluded what the Spanish-American War had begun: the tragic loss of America's historic republican ideals. In the author's words, "who can measure the cost of that loss, both to ourselves and to humanity, in whose name both wars had been fought." □

SEE NO EVIL: The Backstage Battle over Sex and Violence in Television, by Geoffrey Cowan. Simon & Schuster, 323 pp., \$11.95.

One man's evil

POPE MCCORKLE

THE PROBLEM WITH TELEVISION," declared the *New York Times* in 1939, "is that the people must sit and keep their eyes glued on a screen; the average American family hasn't time for it." The ensuing years proved this brave prognostication a bit off the mark. For better or worse, "the family room" became synonymous in the American popular mind with the room where the television set was located. Not surprisingly, the television schedule in the early evening hours was full of family-oriented situation comedies and variety shows. The violent and sexy "action" programs were usually reserved until the youngsters in the family were supposed to be fast asleep.

The late sixties and early seventies, however, witnessed the general rise of "permissive" programming at all three networks. Creeping into the early evening hours were new crime dramas, variety shows ("Laugh-In," "The Smothers Brothers Show," "Sonny and Cher"), and situation comedies ("All in the Family," "MASH," "Sanford and Son") that exhibited rather hot stuff: controversial political and cultural views, murder and mayhem, loose language, traces of nudity. One made-for-television film even depicted a gang of girls in a reform school raping another inmate with the long wooden handle of a Johnny mop. An outcry erupted from parents and citizens groups, religious and medical associations, and concerned journalists and academics as well. Under pressure from the Congress and the Federal Communications Commission, the networks and the National Association of Broadcasters in early 1975 tried to squelch the controversy by banning "entertainment programming inappropriate for viewing by a general

POPE MCCORKLE is a New York writer who specializes in the media.

family audience" during the early evening hours.

The wording of the so-called Family Viewing Hour policy may have been ambiguous, but the message of censorship clearly enraged the Hollywood television community. With the aid of Geoffrey Cowan, a UCLA communications law professor, the Writers Guild of America challenged the constitutionality of the policy. On November 4, 1976, a federal judge in southern California sided with the Writers Guild's argument that the establishment of the regulation violated the First Amendment. Although the networks and the FCC are going through the motions of an appeal, the issue is for all practical purposes dead.

In *See No Evil* Cowan meticulously reconstructs the history surrounding the Family Viewing Hour policy and searches for alternative solutions to "the backstage battle over sex and violence in television." He insists on seeing the suit against the Family Viewing Hour policy as a conflict pitting the artistic underdogs against the powers that be: "... The quest seemed so quixotic. On one side . . . was virtually the entire creative community—the writers, actors, directors, and producers; on the other side were the entities that generally had all of the political power—the three networks, the NAB, and the FCC." He proclaims that the Writers Guild action proved that "the creative community had come of age" politically. Yet he also realizes that the Writers Guild,

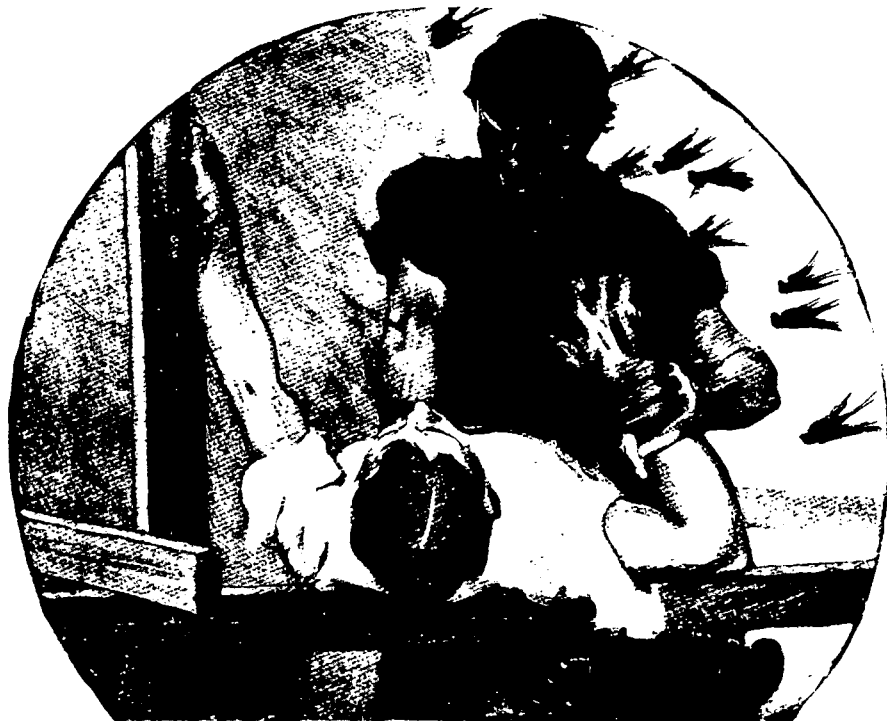
in effect, was doing the networks' dirty work for them. "The Writers Guild's lawyers," Cowan admits, "frequently heard stories about officials of all three networks who wished that the Family Viewing Hour would go away. The networks couldn't get rid of it on their own for the reason that they had adopted it: the public and government outcry would have been too intense." The Writers Guild thus played the same role as the labor unions in the current controversy over "voluntary" wage-price controls. The corporate bosses were paying lip service to the government's jawboning about how people should be "good citizens" and regulate themselves. Yet many of the bosses were actually cheering on their rebellious hired hands because victory would get the regulatory monkey off both of their backs.

The paradox of this situation became quite clear during the trial. Cowan and the rest of the Writers Guild's legal advisers knew the court would acknowledge the networks' right to adopt such a self-regulatory measure as long as it was done wholly on their own initiative. The Writers Guild consequently had to base its case on the contention that the networks would not have established the Family Viewing policy unless FCC Chairman Richard Wiley had overstepped his constitutional bounds and demanded such action at a series of "summit meetings" with the network executives in late 1974. On this crucial point, NBC representatives "were so helpful,"

according to Cowan, "that the [Writers Guild's] lawyers occasionally wondered whether some NBC executives might have been building their own case against the Family Hour." ABC, formerly the Chrysler of the broadcasting industry, had thought from the beginning that the regulatory burden would weigh most heavily on its programming lineup, and Cowan offers no evidence that the network put up any kind of fight at the trial. Apparently only CBS put up a spirited fight, led by president Arthur Taylor. The premier network's declaration of independence from FCC pressure seemed impressive at first. Yet "the CBS house of cards" eventually collapsed as its witnesses hopelessly contradicted each other. Moreover, CBS chairman Paley became visibly disenchanted with the Family Viewing policy during the suit and even fired Taylor before the court's decision.

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SEE NO EVIL IS MAINLY CONCERNED with justifying the freedom of expression in "avant-garde" comedies like Norman Lear's "All in the Family." Nevertheless, Cowan unrepentantly recognizes that his position in the Family Viewing suit protected not only the good but also the bad and the ugly. "The case for television's . . . freedom is perhaps less compelling when judged by the content of [a program] . . . which exploits sexual innuendo much as police shows exploit violence. . . . But from the standpoint of public policy the issue really is the same. . . ." (Emphasis added.)

Cowan's sentiments may be admirable, but he fools himself if he actually thinks this position represents "the case for television's freedom." The Writers Guild action promised merely to take any role in programming power away from the bureaucratic hands of the state and put it all back into the state-enfranchised, monopolistic hands of the networks. The president of the Writers Guild, David Rintels, said as much in a speech after the trial: "Does our victory in the Family Hour case open the floodgates to vulgarity and violence? . . . There are only three people in the world who can answer that question, and they are the men who run the networks. . . . The responsibility is theirs again now, and that's where it belongs." (Emphasis added.)

The cruel but predictable answer to Rintels's question was that the Writers Guild victory did indeed open the floodgates to vulgarity and violence. The year after the overruling of the Family Viewing policy, Cowan reports, "the average number of violent incidents had doubled" in television programs during the early evening hours. The networks' exploitation of their totally restored power was more strikingly captured in chairman Paley's comment about ABC's hit series "Charlie's Angels": "It's exactly what we should have on CBS. We don't have any pretty girls on this network." Around the same time, responding to what they saw as the demands of the younger audience, executives at all three networks announced that they were putting controversial "comedies with a message, à la Norman Lear, on the back burner." Cowan is like a lawyer who helps protect the bargaining rights of Douglas Fraser and the United Auto Workers, but then must watch as the corporate bosses wrap up sweetheart deals with Frank Fitzsimmons and the Teamsters.

See No Evil appropriately concludes

Cowan wants to pass power from the state to state-backed networks.

with the characteristic lament of a tired trade-unionist: "Television, some may argue, is too powerful a tool to be left to a process so crass and competitive. . . . But that is the commercial television system, and it isn't likely to change." In lieu of such a revolution, Cowan in the last chapters advocates "more modest regulatory reforms" that end up sounding remarkably similar to the Family Viewing policy itself. For example, he argues that "particularly for the benefit of children . . . the government [should] . . . require broadcasters to achieve the kind of programming diversity that would otherwise be absent from commercial television." Cowan tries to explain that his proposed children's viewing policy would be "constitutional" because it would "enhance" speech, while the Family Viewing policy "abridged" speech. Whatever the change in legal pretense, however, the statist, bureaucratic substance stays the same.

It should also be pointed out that the people whom the networks most grievously discriminate against are not children but, as Cowan virtually admits, "the middle-aged or elderly people in small town America." This part of the population is considered too old and too rural by most advertisers who sponsor programs and pump the networks with profits. Cowan could have quoted (but didn't) CBS research director Jay Eliasberg on the politics of network programming: "We're saying that some people are more equal than others, on a demographic basis: if they buy more, they vote more." There is great hope that widespread application of new communication technologies—cable, pay cable, satellite superstations—can provide more equitable treatment for the forgotten rural classes and other "minorities." Yet Cowan unjustifiably devotes only a small, perfunctory paragraph to the promise of the new technologies. One reason may be that the new technologies threaten the professional position and the inflated labor value of his Writers Guild associates in Hollywood as much as they do the monopoly profits of network executives

in New York.

The larger philosophical shortcoming in Cowan's perspective is neatly capsuled when he refers to the commercial network status quo as "the nature of television." Natures are God-given, and television simply has no nature. Structures, however, are man-made, and television definitely has a structure. One who is truly hopeful for a better tomorrow must believe that since people have built such structures, people can also build new and freer ones. *See No Evil* sees enough evil to justify a new structure for television but just doesn't see enough hope. □

THE STREETS WERE PAVED WITH GOLD, by Ken Auletta. Random House, 345 pp., \$12.95.

Decline and fall

JOHN P. MCCARTHY

KEN AULETTA IS A NEW York political journalist who has served on the staff of an ambitious, high-powered, and frequent gubernatorial candidate, Howard Samuels. From a writer with such a background one would scarcely expect a frank and insightful examination of New York City's fiscal crisis. Yet, that is precisely what Auletta gives us. The case he makes against the actions and policies of New York's officials is a clear and damning one; so clear and damning that one is disappointed at his not calling for blood after he reports that not a single prosecution for fraud has yet resulted from the fiscal operations of the city of New York.

In 1976, the New York fiscal crisis became intertwined with 1976 Presidential politics; since then, unfortunately, debate on the subject—with the notable exception of the consistently intelligent commentary of Senator William Proxmire—has degenerated to the level of a barroom argument about the merits of teams that never even played each other. Auletta acknowledges the complicity of the New York press in the politicians' game of attributing the city's woes to federal stinginess and non-New Yorkers' jealousy. On the other hand, as he points out, federal officials and pork-

barrellers from the Sunbelt can scarcely condemn an improvident New York that doesn't have access as they do to the federal money-printing press.

What was the essence of New York City's problem? Auletta demonstrates that the city government outrageously overspent its revenue at a time when its tax base was shrinking, and shrinking in no small measure because of specific policies of the city government. The consequences: continued decline of the private economic sector and an open admission of the inevitable and prolonged diminution of governmental services.

New York is not the only city that has overspent, nor is it the only city that has a declining economy. However, it is among the worst in both categories. Allusions to cities or areas that receive enormous federal moneys for one reason or another do nothing to lessen New York's culpability, especially in view of New York's receipt of considerable and often disguised "soft" federal moneys like CETA funds, countercyclical aid, and community development funds that are less conspicuous than the highways, home loans, military and space expenditures, dams, and water projects so prevalent in other areas. In addition, New York has both opted for government services or functions that other prospering municipalities don't undertake, and imposed economic restrictions and social welfare requirements on its private sector that most growing communities do not.

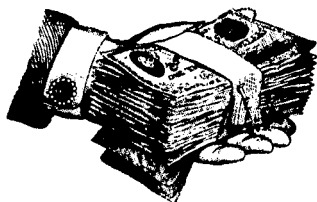
Auletta emphasizes his own Italian and Jewish parentage, possibly to suggest that such an ethnic combination would give him a consciousness of various subtle social factors not so obvious to most, especially non-New Yorkers. He sees a great correlation between the New York political culture, with its extraordinary expectations of what government should provide, and the city's "unusual number of Jews"—about 25 percent of its population and half of the national total, according to him. The Jewish tradition, he holds, emphasizes "that government is a friend of the needy; government work, an honor; education, a necessity; compassion, a badge of virtue; voting, an obligation of citizenship." A high level of participation by Jews in the Democratic primaries led to continual victories by reformers who had these attitudes, and to the destruction of the old political machines. Whatever the faults of the old machines, they did manage to compel elected officials to operate within some bounds of fiscal responsibility. With the disappearance of their re-

straining hand, it became open season for every organized pressure group.

Auletta also notes how anxiety about property taxes, a severe inhibition on government openhandedness in most communities, was virtually nonexistent in New York, where 75 percent of the residents were renters rather than homeowners. Until relatively recently most voters did not feel the pinch of direct city taxation.

THIS PREDOMINANCE OF renters among the voting public also explains that peculiar New York retention of the World War II emergency measure of rent control. Throughout the 1950s and the 1960s, only one rent increase was allowed unless either a tenant vacated, whereupon a new tenant could be charged a 15-percent increase, or a landlord could demonstrate some elaborate capital improvement. Inevitably the quality of stewardship declined and landlords had a vested interest in frequent moves, which made for neighborhood instability and ultimately led owners to abandon an enormous number of buildings.

The flight by the middle class and the blue-collar ethnics from the poorly maintained apartments of New York City was inadvertently encouraged by the various levels of government. Gener-



ous mortgage terms for suburban homes were provided as part of the G.I. Bill and federal and state agencies undertook massive highway and bridge construction that enabled workers in the city to live well outside it. Their replacement in the city by less skilled and poorer blacks and Hispanics, is not, of course, a phenomenon peculiar to New York. But New York's government was particularly adept at postponing and disguising the enormous fiscal imbalance caused by these demographic realities.

Such postponements could occur because of the peculiarly clever political figures who dominated the New York scene. The foremost was the four-time governor, Nelson Rockefeller. Until Rockefeller's era, all New York state bonds had to be approved by public referenda. With the advice of John Mitchell, bond lawyer and later convicted felon, Rocky got around that by

creating the State Housing Finance Agency; it did not need voter approval and was not to be self-sustaining or to finance public housing via bond issues. The city took its cue from Albany and tried to follow the same procedure. Ultimately, close to 80 percent of the rental income from this housing had to be used to meet the short-term mortgage notes, as interest rates soared.

Another political luminary who contributed to New York's woes became Jimmy Carter's envoy to Pope John Paul II, Robert Wagner, Jr.—who, in 1961, ran successfully as a reform candidate for mayor even though he himself had been the incumbent for the previous eight years. Wagner signed the executive order granting to municipal workers the right to join unions; these unions ultimately gained extremely generous settlements from their nonprofit employers, who were in turn dependent on the funds and votes of the unions in campaigning for reelection.

The fiscal imbalance of New York was settling in so rapidly under Wagner that in his last year as mayor he secured, with the help of Rockefeller, state legislative authorization to revise the local finance law so that the issuance of short-term notes to meet ordinary and noncapital expenditures no longer had to be based on actual revenue receipts but could use estimates of anticipated revenues.

This practice, combined with the use of capital borrowing to cover regular expenses, was to put New York City in a situation in 1975 where more than one-third of its total debt was short-term and its annual debt service charge exceeded \$2 billion.

WAGNER'S SUCCESSOR AS mayor from 1966 to 1973, John Lindsay, and Lindsay's one-term successor, Abe Beame, added at least as much to the fiscal madness as did Wagner. Some have suggested that Lindsay's culpability derived from his extra-New York ambitions—specifically for the White House. Beame's culpability derives from his being on the scene all the time, serving as the comptroller of the city for four years under Wagner and for the four years of Lindsay's second term, and then having the chutzpah to run successfully to succeed Lindsay on the grounds of his fiscal "know-how."

Auletta pulls no punches in pointing out the conspicuous complicity of the New York banks in the city's tragedy. Unlike the federal government, the city could not print its own money to meet deficits and had to rely on the banks for

loans, especially short-term loans to meet current expenses. Anticipations of the large tax revenues that would materialize to meet those loans were entirely unwarranted, however. Naturally, considerations of interest earnings, federal tax exemptions, underwriting fees, and, to give them the benefit of the doubt, a buoyant optimism about things eventually being curable by governmental expenditure blurred the bankers' customary discretion. Toward the end, in 1974-75, when more than half of New York City's capital budget was going for current expenses and 27 percent of the nation's short-term borrowing was done by the City of New York, most of the banks started what the SEC called "a policy of trying to reduce or eliminate their holdings in city notes," which some labeled "dumping."

The multiple horror stories of mismanagement, overgenerous labor contracts, featherbedding, and the crippling of an efficient personnel policy through civil service, could occur only because of the complicity of politicians and bankers in uninhibited deficit financing. Even the New York Conservative party, ostensibly a watchdog of the public purse, was in on the act, with its endorsement of expanded pensions for police and firemen, who were part of their electoral constituency. Alas, how ironic that the temporary salvation of the city government, that is, the purchasing of the bonds issued by a state-created emergency financial control board, came about in large part with help from the enormous, municipal employees' pension funds—their initial growth had helped bring on the governmental deficit.

Remarkably, Auletta's book pays hardly any attention to the U.S. senators from New York, except for Daniel Patrick Moynihan, whose inconsistencies are glaringly displayed. It seems peculiar to read a study of New York politics of the 1960s and the 1970s, especially fiscal politics, that includes only a single reference to Robert F. Kennedy and no mention at all of Jacob Javits, scarcely an innocent in matters of government finance. Lastly, since Auletta admits at the end of the book that he is increasingly inclined to support a declaration of bankruptcy by the city rather than sleight-of-hand postponements of the inevitable, one would think he would note former Senator James Buckley's suggestion along those lines back in 1976, a recognition of realities that contributed in no small part to Buckley's defeat.

F I L M

ORCHESTRA REHEARSAL,
directed by Federico Fellini.

WOYZECK, directed by Werner Herzog.

Cast a cold eye

STEPHEN HARVEY

AMONG FEDERICO FELLINI'S signature traits, a sunny outlook on the Human Condition has long been conspicuously absent. Whether the frame of reference is pre-Christian Rome, the Age of Casanova, or the waning twentieth century, Fellini's vision of our moral landscape grows ever dimmer. (Partially absolved from censure, however, has been the Mussolini epoch; despite fascism and its attendant unpleasantness, in retrospect it has

STEPHEN HARVEY is *INQUIRY's* film reviewer. He is coordinator of the film study program, Museum of Modern Art, New York City.

its charm as the backdrop for the nurturing of the Artist as a Young Man.) Frequently he's camouflaged his dourness by daubing it with lurid tints from his psychic paintbox: Fellini's Dreamland may have been forbidding, but monochromatic it wasn't, and the seductiveness of its presiding spirits, sex and religion, managed to take some of the edge off the pervasive chill.

His new and glacial *Orchestra Rehearsal*, however, stands apart from all of his past work. Uniquely, for him, it was generated by his feelings about a specific topical event, the kidnapping and assassination of Aldo Moro, which had implications too strong, apparently, for fantasy. This is gallows humor at its bleakest, and is also astonishing in its self-contained austerity, at least in light of what we've come to expect from Fellini. Taking place almost exclusively within one confining set dressed and photographed in neutral colors, *Orchestra Rehearsal* consists of one single-minded metaphor extended over a scant seventy minutes: musical dissonance as irreparable political disharmony.

Though its topical content remains on the implicit level throughout, the Italian press had no trouble parsing the symbolism. Interpreting it proved to be something else entirely. At home, *Orches-*



tra Rehearsal turned out to be a kind of celluloid Rorschach test, and its critics often revealed more about their own political allegiances than about their personal insights into Fellini's intentions. Ironically, this film about social disintegration managed momentarily to unite a wide spectrum of Italian political adversaries—if only to condemn it. Since Fellini gives no quarter to any faction whatsoever, reactionaries, radicals, and a multitude in between greeted *Orchestra Rehearsal* with horror and disdain.

Fellini's self-detonating world in microcosm is located (where else?) on deconsecrated religious grounds now used for concerts; a decrepit caretaker wanders in the tenebrous light of the cloister making ready for the musicians' run-through while babbling nostalgically of the days when the audience was composed of glamorous aristocrats and musicians knew their place. The instrumentalists begin to trickle in, a broad array of differing types and temperaments; feckless individualists all, they are quite as engrossed in their personal avocations—flirting, boozing, bickering, and speechifying—as they are in their particular and collective musical endeavors. A TV crew is darting about the hall conducting fatuous spot interviews with members of the troupe, while a representative of the musician's union stands by, alternately giving dubious succor to his comrades and rushing to the phone to further his personal ambitions.

The assembly is momentarily becalmed by the arrival of the maestro, a deceptively frail, weary-eyed martinet among anarchists who commences their common labors by deriding the musicianship of his ensemble in German-accented Italian. The natives grow restive and a coffee break is called, during which the conductor, played by Baldwin Bass, retreats to his dressing room to discourse on his exalted calling with the quiet assurance of a demigod. He returns to the podium to find that the electricity has been sabotaged, while ominous rumblings from without are now reaching crescendo. The orchestra has become a seething mob, spouting inflammatory doggerel, scrawling graffiti in excrement on the walls, fornicating, and vandalizing. Defying the conductor's "fascist" rule, they replace him with a giant metronome, which they then demolish while hoarsely proclaiming their right to self-rule. An outsized wrecking ball reduces the hall to rubble and kills one of the musicians; passion suddenly spent, the rebels quietly sub-



mit to the conciliatory but firm hand of the conductor. Yet this new-found harmony contains a discordant note. *Orchestra Rehearsal* ends with a black screen and the conductor's voice hectoring the cowed gathering in fervent Teutonic cadences.

FELLINI'S IDEOLOGICAL atheism is ever apparent—no solutions suffice, no segments of this small universe elude his disparaging gaze. The media are frivolous parasites, and the labor spokesmen spout empty proletarian cant masking corrupt self-interest. As for the masses, as individuals they may be innocuous and even ingratiating, but united they constitute a senseless horde transported to madness by a brief whiff of self-rule. Consistently enough, even Fellini's surrogate artist figure comes in for his full share of culpability. In the past, his geniuses-in-residence were, to be sure, egocentric and tyrannical, but finally they were redeemed by their imaginative powers. Here talent and charisma are merely the tools for the exercise of force—art is no longer the last refuge in a chaotic world, as it was at the conclusion of *8½*.

At its Italian premiere, many of those offended by Fellini's refusal to render homage to the struggles of the People justified their displeasure by choosing to interpret the film as a call for authoritarian rule. Given Fellini's sinister conclusion, such a misreading is an act of willful myopia if there ever was one. Not that Fellini's unrelieved dirge doesn't

raise a few unresolved questions. For one thing, there's an inherent self-contradiction in making a film with the message Fellini seems to want to impart—after all, it's visible proof that coherent art can be forged out of the apprehended sense of chaos surrounding its baffled creator. Besides, I suspect there's a kind of masochistic comfort in the decision that Armageddon is nigh and nothing can stop it. The notion that you may as well submit to the inevitable derives more from a taste for facile cynicism than from a profound pessimism. In a way, a vision of doomsday is the easiest out of all; the perennial crisis mentality reigning in Italy, as elsewhere, is a wry object lesson that although strife may be pervasive, the sky resolutely refuses to fall and make an end to it. Fellini may be crying wolf again, but his voice is more eloquent than ever.

ON THE ADDITIONAL evidence of the current *Woyzeck* (as if it were needed), the young German director Werner Herzog shows himself to be another alienated artist, although precisely from what is hard to determine. There's a tendency among critics in this country to grant a period of grace to those rising cinematic lions from abroad who've made splashy debuts, however arid and unsatisfying their subsequent efforts might be—perhaps out of fear that the critical enthusiasm might have been misplaced from the beginning. Dazzled by the likes of *Aguirre*, *Wrath of God* and *Stroszek*,

many reviewers struggled valiantly to make sense out of *Heart of Glass*; its main distinction was that Herzog claimed to have placed his entire cast under hypnosis, a dehumanizing *coup de théâtre* that threatened to zombify the spectator as well. Now *Woyzeck* has been greeted in some quarters with a sheaf of extravagant claims having no discernible relation to what one sees on screen.

Woyzeck is the most glaring recent example I can recall of an utter paucity of imagination masquerading as sublime aesthetic rigor. In adapting Georg Büchner's celebrated play for the screen, Herzog has hewed to the letter while completely discarding the spirit. Uncompleted at Büchner's death, it has been pedantically mounted here as a series of discrete fragmentary vignettes. The camera is usually rooted, motionless, at a considerable distance from the characters, who are arrayed in one-dimensional tableaux. If this is intended in ersatz-Brechtian fashion to prevent the audience from involving itself with these figures on an emotional level, it succeeds brilliantly—but to what end? The plight of *Woyzeck*, a middle-aged *Untermensch* hounded by his army supe-

rior, exploited in guinea-pig fashion by a local scientist, and cuckolded by his mistress (played by Eva Mattes), hardly serves here as a symbol of the oppressed proletariat because as Klaus Kinski plays him, the character is too patently eccentric a patsy to represent anything but his cringing, posturing self. Nor does the film work as a dispassionate case history of a soul's descent into madness; from the start Kinski is such an emaciated apparition of eye-popping and teeth-baring that there are no depths left to plumb.

Then there's Herzog's alleged felicity of style, which to my eye consisted primarily of flooding every interior with a tidal wave of white light, night or day, whether the source of illumination is ostensibly the afternoon sun or a brace of tallow candles. This isn't expressive—as any film undergraduate can tell you, it's merely the cheapest and most expedient way to shoot a scene. Herzog's culminating innovation is to render *Woyzeck's* act of revenge on his errant lover in slow motion! Apart from the fact that this is about as novel as the freeze-frame fadeout, it's redundant since the previous hour's footage seemed to have

been taken under water.

Herzog has never exactly evinced much compassion for the travails of his characters, and here his habitual disengagement and the apparent desire to resist tampering with a classic proved a fatal combination. *Woyzeck* the film may be a sterile travesty of its own source material, but Herzog's career is itself starting to resemble an exemplary reworking of that other immortal literary classic, *The Emperor's New Clothes*. □

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